Beginning **WILD as a HAWK**— A HOLLYWOOD NOVEL by **VIÑA DELMAR**

Liberty

FEB 16, 1935

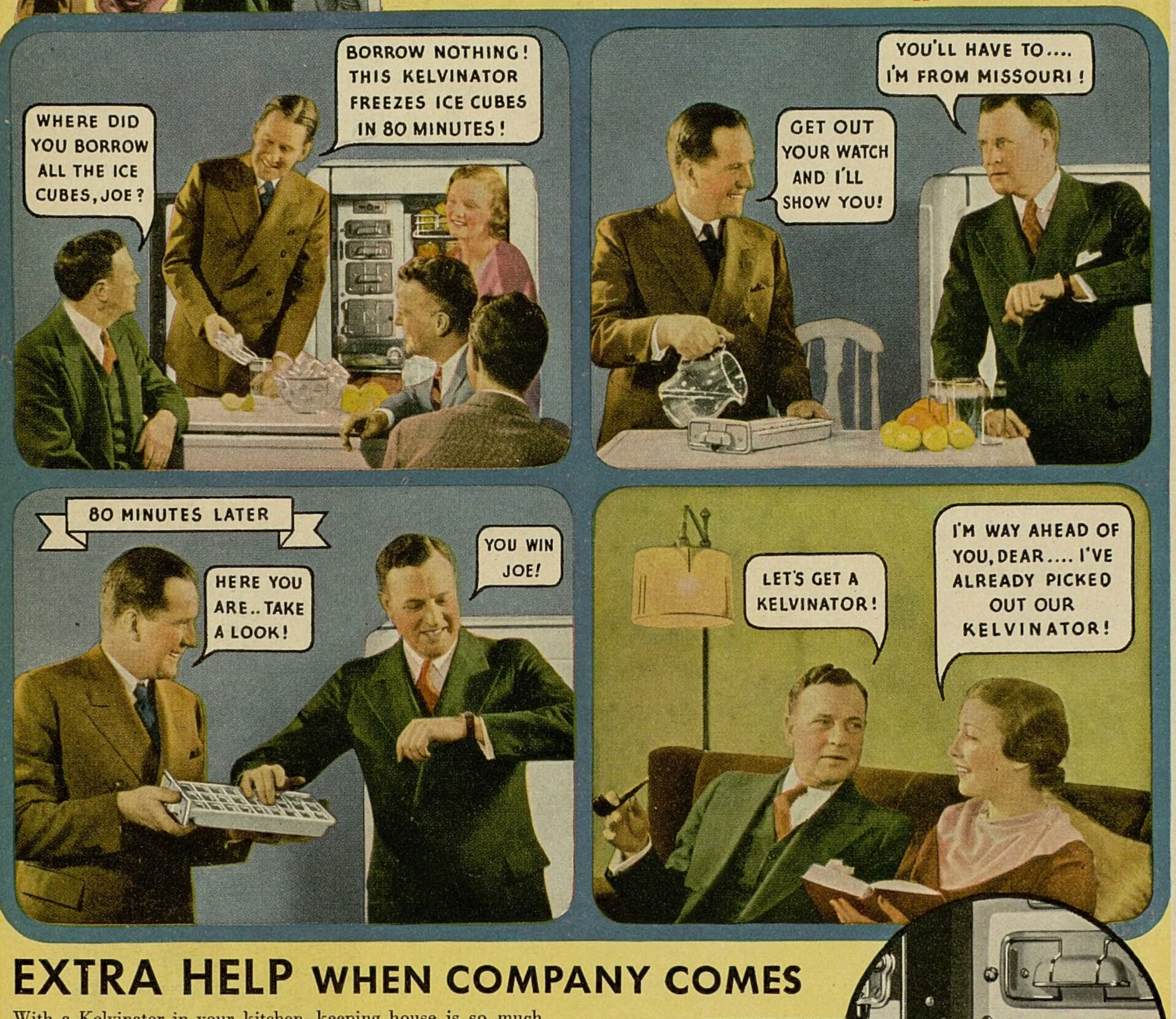
5¢

NRA U.S. CODE

For my Valentine
Les

A WEST POINT for POLICE
by WILL IRWIN

HER HUSBAND LIKES TO HAVE FOLKS *drop in!*

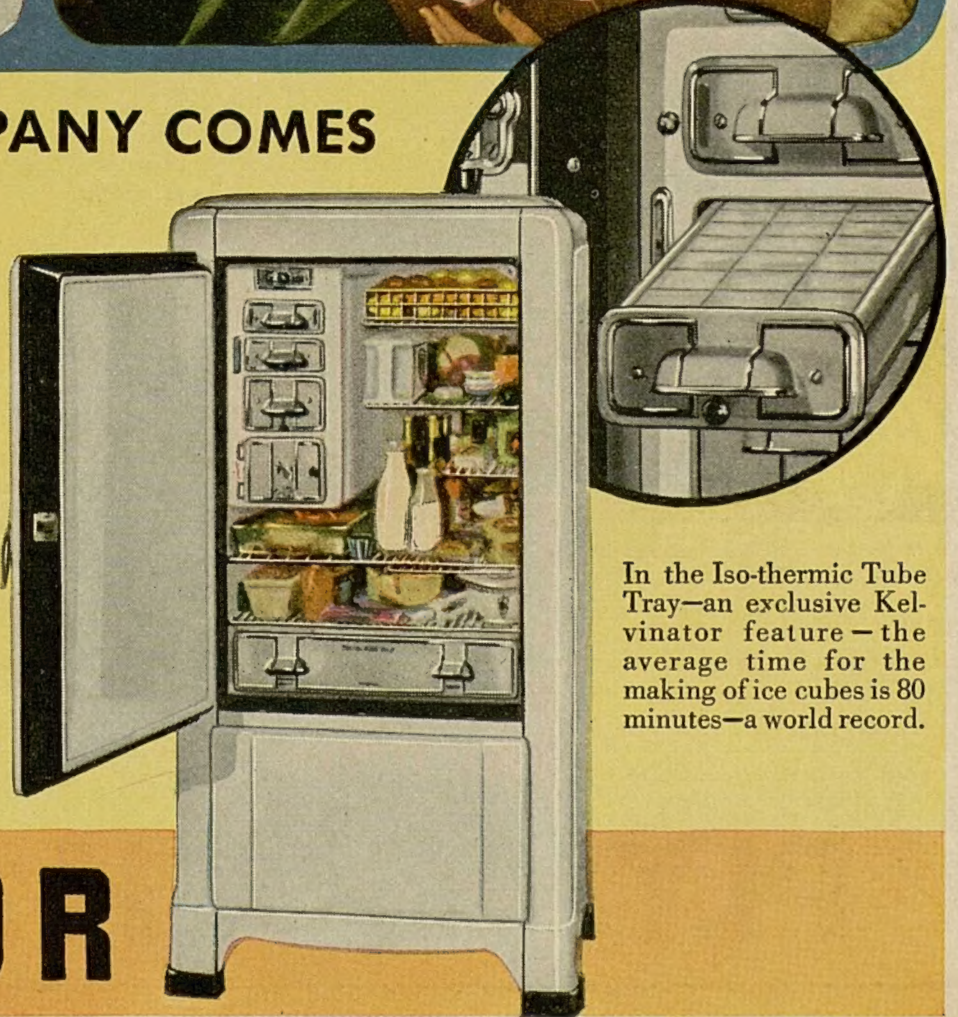

WHERE DID YOU BORROW ALL THE ICE CUBES, JOE?
BORROW NOTHING! THIS KELVINATOR FREEZES ICE CUBES IN 80 MINUTES!
GET OUT YOUR WATCH AND I'LL SHOW YOU!
YOU'LL HAVE TO.... I'M FROM MISSOURI!
80 MINUTES LATER
HERE YOU ARE.. TAKE A LOOK!
YOU WIN JOE!
LET'S GET A KELVINATOR!
I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, DEAR.... I'VE ALREADY PICKED OUT OUR KELVINATOR!

EXTRA HELP WHEN COMPANY COMES

With a Kelvinator in your kitchen, keeping house is so much easier, so much more pleasant, and so much more economical. There is no more worrying about running out of ice—about food spoilage—about left-overs that must be thrown away.

All a Kelvinator gives you means more than ever when you realize that a Kelvinator *pays for itself.* Buying food in quantity at the lower quantity prices saves you money. Doing away with food spoilage and waste saves you money. The preservation of left-overs for future use saves you money. And you save again by not having your present daily refrigeration expense. All of these savings are *more than enough* to pay for your Kelvinator.

See the 1935 Kelvinators now. There are 19 beautiful new models, priced, f. o. b. factory, from $79.50 up. And any model may be purchased on the convenient, easy payment ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan. See Classified Telephone Directory for nearest dealer . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *14254 Plymouth Road, Detroit. Michigan. Factories also in London, Ont., and London, Eng.*



In the Iso-thermic Tube Tray—an exclusive Kelvinator feature—the average time for the making of ice cubes is 80 minutes—a world record.

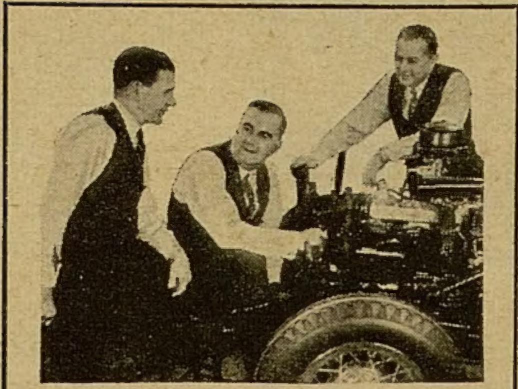
4 REFRIGERATORS IN 1

KELVINATOR

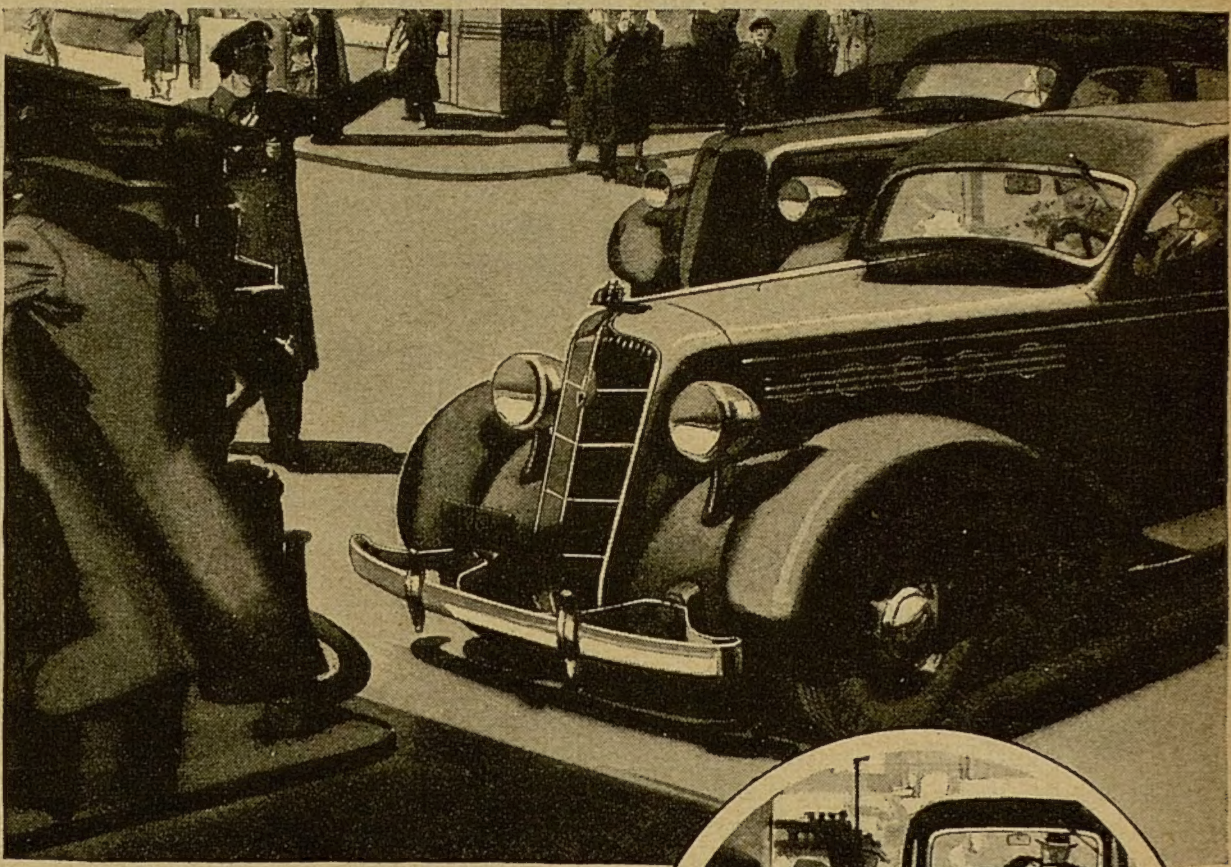
Engineers Tell Why

NEW PLYMOUTH IS THE WORLD'S SAFEST LOW-PRICED CAR

First Car Ever Built on High-Speed Safety Principle



CHIEF ENGINEER Fred Zeder (center) and his colleagues, Carl Breer and O. R. Skelton. Five years ago they produced the first low-priced car with a Safety-Steel Body and Hydraulic Brakes...and now they've created America's first High-Speed Safety Car!

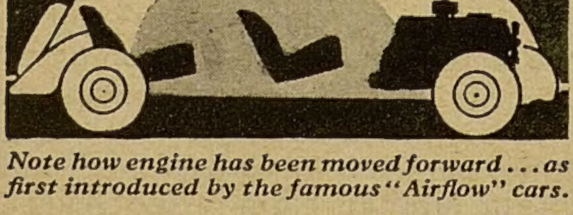


Today's Congested Highways Demand this New Kind of Car

ALL DRIVERS are hitting it up much faster than they used to. And there are almost twice as many of them on the road as there were 10 years ago.

That gave Plymouth engineers their cue. America needed a different kind of car . . . a "high-speed safety car."

So they started with the engine. They increased its horsepower. And that worked both ways. It gave this new kind of car greater speed, of course . . . but more, it achieved what engineers call "high mobility" . . . in other words, faster getaway and instantaneous response.



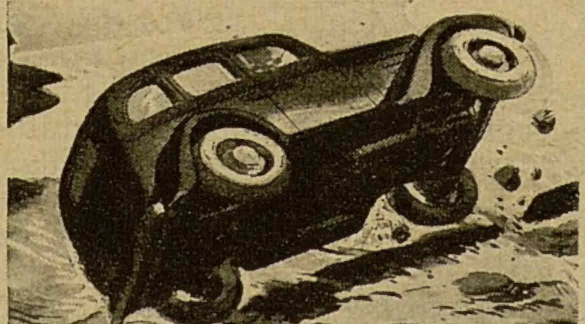
Note how engine has been moved forward . . . as first introduced by the famous "Airflow" cars.

You'd naturally expect that this increased power would require more fuel.

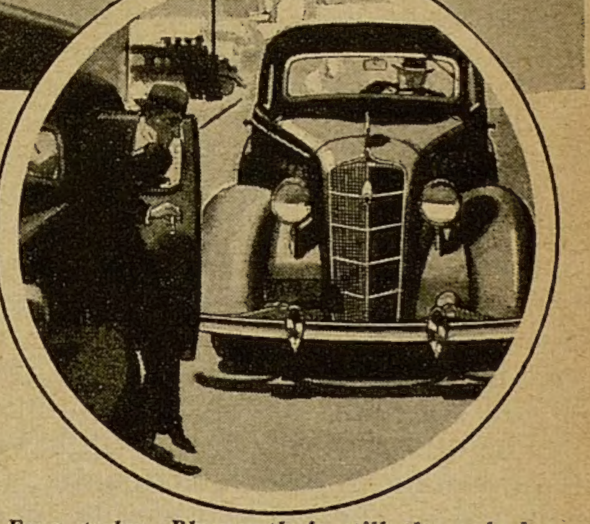
However, by improving the cooling system and the ignition timing, they actually cut gas and oil consumption 12% to 20%.

When you drive this new car, everything will have a different "feel." The clutch works easier. Syncro-Silent Transmission makes gear shifting effortless. Even the famous Plymouth Hydraulic Brakes have been made larger.

But probably the biggest change you'll notice will be in the ride. New weight distribution (engine moved forward) . . . the use of new-type Mola Steel front springs and a sideway eliminator . . . give the new Plymouth a "Floating Ride!"



This year's Plymouth Safety-Steel Body demonstrates its greater strength in famous test.



Even today, Plymouth is still the only low-priced car with fast-stopping Hydraulic Brakes.

Go to any Dodge, DeSoto or Chrysler dealer in your neighborhood and have him demonstrate the new Plymouth.

Compare it feature by feature with the other leading low-priced cars. Learn how easy it is to buy on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

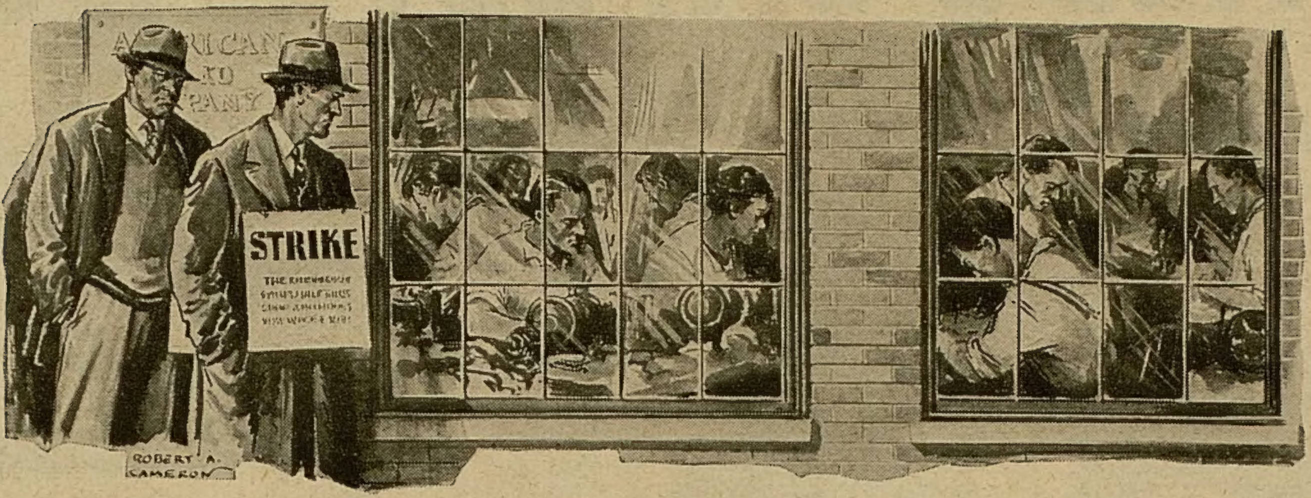
PLYMOUTH NOW ONLY **$565** *World's Safest low-priced Car*

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT

FEBRUARY 16, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 7

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

PROTECTION IN THE RIGHT NOT TO STRIKE



IN organization there is strength. Scattered units, no matter how numerous, rarely secure proper consideration. Labor unions have demanded and have secured the right to strike. In fact there is nothing in the Constitution which prevents one man, or any number of men, from leaving their jobs.

Legislators desiring to cater to the votes of the workers are inclined to favor them at every opportunity. But it is about time for lawmakers everywhere to give some consideration to workers who are not organized. Their constitutional rights should be defended. If workers want to strike, they have that right. But their right not to strike should be considered just as sacred as the right to strike. And their inalienable rights as citizens of this country should be properly respected.

We have heard, for example, of strikes where considerably more than 50 per cent of the workers did not want to go on strike but through intimidation were compelled to join the strikers. To have maintained their right not to strike, to have continued on the job, would probably have meant personal injury more or less serious in character.

The question of wages will always be a source of troublesome and serious debate. Only a certain percentage of the gross receipts of a business can be used for wages. When such a percentage is continuously exceeded, bankruptcy can be the only result and every worker in the establishment automatically loses his job.

There may be excuses for strikes during normal times; but when every business executive is straining to his utmost to maintain his business and pay his bills, a strike at this time only invites disaster to both workers and owners.

Every citizen is supposed to be entitled to police and legal protection essential to maintain his inalienable rights, and whether one is rich or poor should make no difference before the law. If the rights of those who did not want to strike had been properly protected, and if labor agitators—who often earn their living by creating hate and resentment between the workers and employers—had been properly restrained, many costly and violent strikes would never have occurred.

When we see pickets walking up and down in front of a reputable business organization, carrying sandwich boards with derogatory statements in reference to the owners, we often wonder what would happen in a reverse situation. Suppose the proprietors of the business should picket the homes of the strikers, with sandwich boards expressing their criticisms. We all know that such pickets would soon be in the hospital, if they managed to survive. And yet, if the owners are to be granted the same privileges as the workers, they should be allowed to publicize their grievances.

In presenting this viewpoint we are not favoring capital. We are simply asking for a fair deal for workers, union or nonunion, and also a fair deal for owners of business organizations which have been honestly and fairly conducted. Quarrels between capital and labor are not unlike wars between nations in their results.

They often bring disaster to both winners and losers, as was so dramatically exemplified in the World War.

The rigid wage scales which the unions tried to maintain during the depression sent thousands of substantial business organizations into bankruptcy and added millions to the unemployment list. Had the white-collar employees been unionized, and had they tried to maintain similar rigid wage scales, nearly every business would have been bankrupt. It was only the ability properly to reduce wages that saved almost the entire business world from financial ruin. —BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

BEGINNING

WILD as a HAWK

A Vivid New Novel of Love and Tangled Lives in Hollywood

by the author of
Bad Girl and Sadie McKee

VIÑA DELMAR

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Los Angeles, Calif.
July, 1934.

DEAR ROGER:

Your letter received and contents noted, as the saying goes. Please think no more about it. Don't worry about my alimony (disgusting word) checks. I can take the cut without squawking. I hope the time will never come when we can't ask favors of each other and expect reasonable treatment.

I often think of you and Eunice and wonder how you both are. When you send the checks you could include a note now and then. I was terribly thrilled with the letter. I think it is great about the baby coming. Eunice will make a swell mother and I guess you won't be such a bad egg for a kid to have for an old man. I guess maybe if we'd have had such an important thing happen to us, we'd still be married. But that's the way it goes.

I'm sorry that Eunice is so ill and glad that I can help a little by giving you a slight reduction on the upkeep of ex-wives. I wish I could tell you to keep the whole seventy-five bucks, but I've got to live, too, and as soon as I dope out a reason why I have to live I'll let you know what it is.

I wish I had stayed in New York so that I could see the baby when it arrives. It was a silly idea to come out here. Women are funny, but I guess you've noticed that. Whenever they can afford it they leave town after they've been divorced. Why? I suppose I could go East again, but it seems so dumb to pack and make the trip and find another apartment there and go through all the motions again of mapping out a life. I could see my mother and my brother and my brother's kid, and after I had done that—what?

Best always to you both.

CYNTH.

She unbosoms herself now to her girl friend and confidante:

Los Angeles, Calif.
July, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

Thanks for the perfectly scrumptious birthday gift. I was just too, too amazed when I opened that heavenly box and saw the gorgeous negligee, and it's such a divine shade of blue. I'll never be able to tell you how gloriously thrilled I was, darling.

You must have had a shock when you read that, but from now on it's the way I'm going to talk and of course write. I met a girl last night who goes on like that for hours, and she's a great social success.

And now for the news. I got a letter from Roger X. Husband. He asked me if I'd take a little less alimony. Of course I said yes. Right from here I can see your lips moving and forming the words " That so-and-so fool! " But honestly, Zellah, I couldn't fight over it.

How do I rate alimony? Did Roger use the best years of my life and then cast me aside? I'm twenty-three. Am I ill and unable to support myself? Nuts. Does he owe me anything? Again nuts.

He wants the reduction because Eunice is going to have a baby. Isn't that beautiful? I'm not kidding, truly I'm not. She is so sweet and so utterly and completely dumb that the experience will be truly beautiful. If I were going to have a baby it wouldn't be beautiful at all because I'd be so clinical about the whole thing. My mind would be on diet, analyses, and the possibility of epilepsy in Roger's family—not in mine, notice. Then, too, I wouldn't want any babies like me. Picture the pain it would be to sit back helplessly and watch my child face life with the weakness, laziness, and the too ready belief that has marked my shining career. Just picture it. Too little thought is put in on this baby-having business, and the less thought the more beautiful the business is. That's life for you.

Well, anyhow, my birthday was a success, what with you and my family remembering me. Ray Garden took me out that night. He's a nice little fellow. I wore a sequin dress that sparkled all over Hollywood and made me feel like a Christmas tree.

I hope you understand that I'm not being ex-wifely about Eunice. I thought she was a sweet little thing when I first met her, and Roger loving her and marrying her hasn't made her more or less than a sweet little thing.

Give my love to your Harry. Write soon.

Love, CYNTH.

Her mind takes a different trend when she writes home to mother:

Los Angeles, Calif.
July, 1934.

DARLING MAMA:

The lovely nightgowns came, and I can't tell you how beautiful I think them. I thought of the other time you sent me silk nightgowns. I wonder if you'll remember. I'll bet you don't. I was seven years old and they were the first silkies I ever had. You and daddy had to be away that year for my birthday and I was at Aunt Etta's. Do you remember now? It was the time brother got hurt at the camp and you stayed up there with him.

My birthday night I went out with a couple I met here. A Mr. and Mrs. Ray Garden. Maybe you have seen his name in the paper. He is a motion-picture producer. I am having fun here and am very happy. Don't you worry about me. Please write, dear. Thanks again for the lovely gift.

Hugs and kisses from your loving daughter,

CYNTHIA.

And now comes a coy word of thanks to the boy friend:

Los Angeles, Calif.
July, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

No doubt I will seem a very great damn' fool to write to you when I just saw you yesterday, but I don't seem to care about that. I want to tell you what I really feel about your birthday gift and you have asked me never to call you at the studio. As I remember it, when I looked at that little car I said to you, " Oh, Ray, you shouldn't have! Isn't it adorable! " And that's all I said, and even those words had a false ring. They were false because I was trying to be cute and bubbly and I'm not cute and bubbly by nature. I really wanted to cry when I saw it, for I had been wanting a car so badly that seeing it there with my initials on it was like a beautiful dream come true.

Ray, I read in the paper that your little girl has measles. I do hope that she will have a light case and recover soon. I know how much you love her. The paper also said that your wife was leaving Honolulu at once to be with her. I will not get in touch with you again. You can phone if you wish and I shall be glad to hear from you, but don't be afraid that I will ever call you. We part friends, or we are friends, whichever you want, and it's O. K. either way. You do not love me nor I you, but it's been fun, and thanks for the little car.

Yours, C.

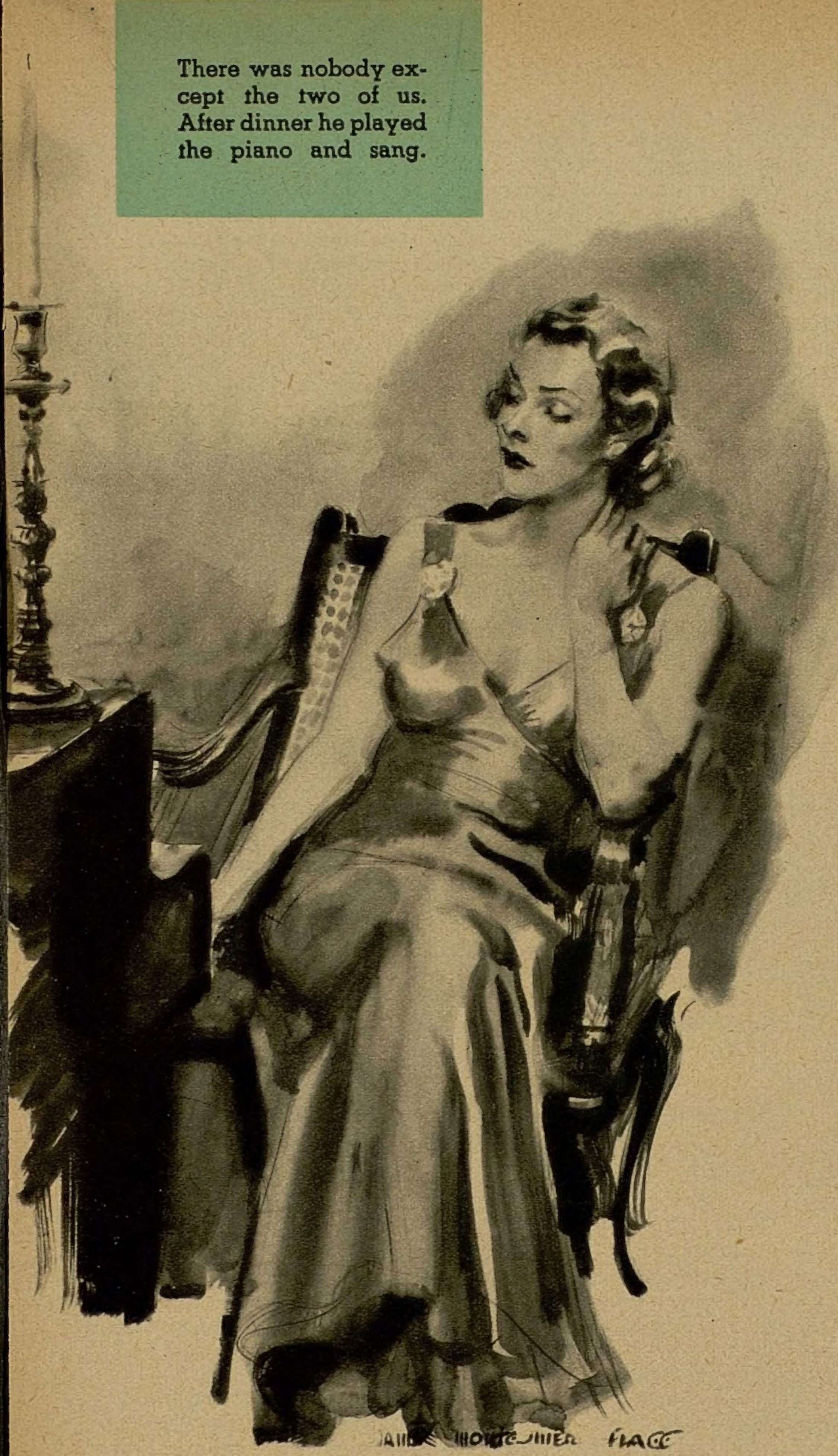
Another letter home, and again we glimpse beneath a butterfly's wings:

Los Angeles, Calif.
July, 1934.

DEAR BROTHER AND HELENA:

Thanks a million for the beautiful stockings. Just what I needed and how did you know that? But really

ILLUSTRATIONS BY



There was nobody except the two of us. After dinner he played the piano and sang.

and truly you shouldn't have spent any money on me. I know what a job you're having trying to get along.

We're having delightful weather here. It's much cooler than a New York July, but of course warm enough for swimming and sun bathing.

I hope you are going every week to see mama. You know how mad she is about you. Besides, Cookie is her only grandchild and gives her so much pleasure. I wish you could have been happy living nearer to mama, but I understand and I know she does, too.

If you get into any more financial holes, please don't lèt her know, for it worries her almost to death. Write me instead and I'll send you what I can.

Love and kisses, SIS.

She takes steps to cover that cut in the alimony:

Los Angeles, Calif.
July, 1934.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The bearer of this reference is Angela Fredericks who has worked for me three months. She is a splendid cook and a neat housekeeper. She is honest, intelligent, and industrious.

I am letting her go only because I have decided to take care of my apartment myself.

(MRS.) CYNTHIA CARSON.

The birthday notes are wound up with this very sweet one:

Los Angeles, Calif.
July, 1934.

DEAR COOKIE:

Well, your gift arrived, and was I surprised! Fancy you sitting down and making that all for me! How did you ever get the threads drawn through so nicely? I can't tell you how pleased and surprised I was.

I have a dog now. I wish you could see her. She is a Scotty and her name is Mary, because there was once a Scottish queen by that name. She had her head cut off. I do hope my Mary doesn't have her head cut off.

Well, darling, thanks again for the beautiful handkerchief.

Lots and lots of kisses to you from me and a very wet kiss from Mary.

Yours, AUNT CYNSY.

Then she goes to a ritzy mountain resort, and see what happens:

Lake Arrowhead, Calif.
July, 1934.

DEAR GLADYS:

I have been trying for three hours to get you on the telephone, but I guess you are out painting Hollywood a nice delicate shade of maroon. Esme Corber arrived here today complete with her two Borzoi hounds, the big car, and Count Berrier. Much to my astonishment she was very cordial. She spoke to me and said that she had heard that you were coming up for the week end. Now if that isn't another of her wicked lies I wish you would take the inclosed key and go to my apartment and simply loot it. Will you bring me—

All the underwear you can find, my portable victrola, the book that is on my night table, my camera (whereabouts unknown), and the sad-looking pair of oxfords in the bottom of the closet?

You know, when I came up here I expected to stay two days, but the Doc said to stay till I felt rested, and I promised myself that I would.

Bring me those things that I need and I will be your slave for life. Thanks.

CYNTHIA.

Hobnobbing with greatness gives her serious thought for herself:

Lake Arrowhead, Calif.
July, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

I feel grand and it is idiotic for me to stay here, but Doc says I should stay another week.

Esme Corber was here, as you no doubt know, and she said that her next picture was going to be Laughing Eyes, so I guess you settled that trouble and got the story for her. I'm glad. She's a good actress, but she seems to love hurting people. That little girl Gladys Haligan, who had a bit in the last Corber picture, was up here over the

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

last week end. Esme was so friendly with her down in Hollywood and up here she went out of her way to take nasty digs at her.

However, Esme was very nice to me and very talkative. She chattered a lot about you. She is very fond of you and also of Mrs. Garden.

Ray, could you give me a job in pictures? I don't need the work to keep body and soul together. You've asked me many times if I needed anything and I've told you no. You meant money. I wouldn't take it. I'm getting money from my ex-husband and I don't even like that. But I'd like the work because (Boy, have the orchestra play Hearts and Flowers) I'm adrift. You can't know what that means because you're always busy. You think it would be swell to have nothing to do, no place you had to go, nobody who is your responsibility. Oh, Ray, it wouldn't be swell. It's terrible.

I suppose you wonder why—if I feel that way about it—I don't get a job doing something. Selling real estate, waiting on a table, or answering a telephone. I'm weak, Ray. I have no backbone or determination. I couldn't hustle around and get such a job, nor could I keep it. I'm too soft. I can't stick at anything that isn't pleasant. God have mercy upon my soul. I see the rocks ahead but I'm too lazy to swim out of their way.

Please don't think I expect you to make me a star. Frankly I couldn't want anything badly enough to go through all that a star goes through. Give me little jobs in little pictures, Ray, and I shall be happy. All I want is something to think about other than myself. I am boring me to death. You, too, probably. Will close.

Yours,
C.

We learn more about Ray, and the extent of her interest in him:

Lake Arrowhead, Calif.
August, I think.

DEAR ZELLAH:

Here I am up in the California mountains doing nothing at all. I was supposed to be planning a nervous breakdown, but the doctor nipped the plot right in the bud. He sent me up here because he thought I'd do too much if I stayed around Los Angeles. My own opinion is that I did too much too long ago and that it's too late to fix it now.

You asked me in your letter to tell you about Ray Garden. Well, here goes. He's a nice little guy with a wife and a kid whom he adores. (He adores the kid. The wife is one of those things. I've never seen her but the chatter is that she'd rather have Ray dead than alive.) He's about thirty-five years old. He isn't what you'd call good-looking, but he has a nice clean-cut look about him. He has nice manners and reads the best books.

Ray is all right, but he wouldn't be anybody's idea of romance. He takes me places, is very thoughtful and kind and thata is thata. I'm not the first girl he's squired about, nor will I be the last.

I've made my hair much redder since I've been out here and it's very becoming, I guess, because Ray is famous for taking girls out only if they look sort of spectacular.

I met him in one of our smart gambling houses a month ago. I was at the bar having a drink when he came up to me and said, "Are you the girl who came here with Frank Landis?" I was, so I said "Yes." Then he said, "Well, Landis has gone home and he asked me to take care of you."

I found out later that Ray, being Frank's boss, had just sweetly told him to scram. Cute, huh?

Don't write to me up here. I'll be back at the apartment by the time you answer. Love to you and Harry.

Always,
CYNTHIA.

PS. Thanks for going to see my mother. It's taken a load off my mind to know that her eyes are really better. Will you have Harry call my brother and tell him to stir his worthless self up to see her? He always does everything Harry tells him to do. He's not a bad guy and he doesn't mean to neglect the old girl, but that damn' wife of his finds something for him to do every time he says he's going up to see his mother. A pox upon her.

CYNTHIA.

Back home again, she finds a new interest:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR MR. MACDOUGAL:

I suppose you'll wonder and wonder who wrote this letter if I don't describe myself and the circumstances under which we met. Last Tuesday night you were at that huge noisy and expensive party given by Esme Corber. I was also there. You were the guest of honor. I was one of the females in the vague mob of nobodies.

You were sitting in the patio all by yourself, and Count Berrier brought me to you and told you I was the best dancer in town. Do you remember now? I am tall, slim, red-headed, and wore a dress with a train. Somebody stepped on it while we were dancing, that's why I mentioned it.

After the dance we went back to the patio and we talked for a time about Hollywood. You said you were frightened of it and didn't think you could write here. You said Ray Garden had been enchanted by Scotland and while under its spell had offered you a fabulous contract to come here. Now it all comes back to you, doesn't it?

Well, during that conversation you said that you wanted to see me again and you asked me to dine with you on Sunday. That's what makes me ask, did you think I was somebody of importance? Were you fooled into thinking me a star? You're a celebrity all over the world and at this moment you're the greatest thing in Hollywood. You'll be hustled hither and yon, in and out of swimming pools, in and out of Spanish castles, in and out of luxurious ranch houses.

If it was loneliness that prompted your invitation that first night you can forget it, for by now you are no longer lonely.

This letter was necessary, for you see my self-confidence is too brittle to risk appearing at your apartment and having that Wodehousean butler of yours (which Mr. Garden had such a time finding for you) tell me that I'm not expected.

I shall wait either a word or no word. In either case, good luck to your Hollywood venture.

Yours,
CYNTHIA CARSON.

It's nice to have somebody like Zellah with whom you can share your secret feelings:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

I feel perfectly grand. I guess the trip to Lake Arrowhead did me a lot more good than I first imagined.

There isn't any special news, I guess. I went to a big party that Esme Corber threw for Bruce MacDougal, who has arrived in Hollywood to write a picture for her. You've read his books, haven't you?

Of course I met him at the party. He's big and handsome and thirty some odd, I imagine, and very Scotch. You know, nice Scotch—tweeds and wild moors and strength of character.

He asked me to come to dinner with him Sunday (that was last night). Of course I went. He has an apartment in which he looks very uncomfortable. He's a very active man and hates the little rooms.

There was nobody to dinner except the two of us. After dinner he played the piano and sang. He has a beautiful voice.

He wanted to hear something about me, but there is very little to tell and none of it interesting. I didn't let him know, of course, that I know Ray pretty well. He said he thought I might be a very good-looking girl if he could only get a look at my face. Naturally I said, "What do you mean?" Then he told me that I was painted up so that he couldn't tell my complexion, shape of my mouth, color of my eyes, or anything else. We laughed and I promised to come clean some day.

He took me home about a quarter of eleven and I got Mary, and he walked around the block with me while I gave Mary her nightly outing. Then he went home. It was a very pleasant evening and I don't know when I've enjoyed myself more. I guess it only goes to prove

that you don't have to be running wild to have fun.
Love,
CYNTHIA.

Even mama is allowed a slight inkling of how she feels toward MacDougal:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR MAMA:

I have met Bruce MacDougal, who is a great and famous novelist. He sings very beautifully, and the other night he was singing a song about "mother" and I felt like crying. I would love to see you. Maybe it won't be long now. I might come home in about three months. If not, why don't you come here for the winter? It would do you good. Think about it anyway, will you?

Love and kisses and more love,
DAUGHTER.

VINA DELMAR *rose from a job as movie usher to the top of the heap of New York's writing clan. Kept, Bad Girl, and Bright Girl, all published in Liberty, were among her very best sellers. Most of her stories appeared in Liberty. She is married, has a son, and lives in New York.*

Yet a wise woman doesn't toss away old friendships too quickly:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

Do you remember that silly letter I wrote to you from Lake Arrowhead? But of course you do. It has been standing between us ever since I came back from there. You've never spoken of it but you haven't forgotten about it. You're embarrassed because you haven't granted my request. I can tell. You never discuss pictures with me any more. You hate to mention the studio. You're uncomfortable if I say a word concerning the industry. That mustn't go on. I know why you didn't give me a job in pictures. You believe (and quite rightly, no doubt) that I haven't any talent. You think also that it would complicate matters to have me in the studio. I know and I don't care.

I am writing this so that you can be comfortable with me again. I am telling you that you really and truly can forget my silly request. I don't want a job any more. I felt blue when I wrote that letter. I don't feel that way now. I'm contented. Give me a ring if you feel like it.

How is your new literary star Bruce MacDougal working out? I hope he proves a good investment. I understand he is costing you a power of money. I've read his books and I think they're swell. He seems like a very nice chap. Don't you think so?

Well, I guess that's all. I just wanted you to know that I'm not movie-mad any longer.

Yours,
C.

An adroit bit of timidity is applied in this next approach:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR MR. MACDOUGAL:

I suppose I could call you Bruce, seeing as how you gave full permission; but I'm funny that way. I still think of you as Mr. MacDougal and I think of you a great deal.

I had such a pleasant evening at your apartment. I do hope that the next time you come to Hollywood I'll be able to spend such an evening with you again. I do not expect it to happen a second time on this trip. You're such a busy man. I see in the papers that you're being entertained by all the great and near-great of Hollywood. I would return your hospitality by asking you to dine with me in my apartment, but I know that the hostesses of Bel-Air, Beverly Hills, and Brentwood would tar and feather me if I took up one of your evenings by asking you here. Perhaps you wouldn't come anyway. Or would you? I haven't the courage to ask.

I have three rooms furnished in conventional comfort. You know, lamps, easy-chairs, a coffee table, a fireplace that throws smoke but no heat. I would cook. The dinner would be strictly middle-class. All day I should fret that something would cause you to disappoint me, and then if you came I should be ashamed of what I had to offer. Dinner on a gate-leg table. Clear soup, steak, vegetables, salad, and dessert. Flowers in the center of the table of course, and then coffee in small cups, and at the very last I should offer you brandy which all too obviously had been purchased just for you.

And after dinner I could not sing to you. I could not show you lovely books with priceless bindings, nor run off my latest film, nor scare up a group of amusing people. I could only talk, and I am not good at that. You would not care to hear what I think. My world is small and my interests limited.

So hail and farewell. Thanks for a beautiful evening. Good luck to you always.

CYNTHIA CARSON.

Wow! The fat flops into the fire:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

Your messenger just arrived and I am damn' good and sore. Don't you ever send me one of those communications again such as you are in the habit of sending to people who work for you. I don't work for you and I don't belong to you. In the first place it is none of your business if Bruce MacDougal is coming here for dinner this evening. You didn't buy every hour of his time, you know. He's free in the evenings. And if you think it will cause gossip which will be unpleasant for him, why don't you take the matter up with the gentleman?

You thought it would stun me to discover that you knew about my seeing him, didn't you? Nuts, Napoleon. I never try to hide anything from you.

Your question concerning what I expect to come of such a friendship doesn't deserve to be answered. I expect nothing of it. I know who Bruce MacDougal is and I know my lowly position in this town. The caste system of India hasn't got this beat one bit. I'm nobody and that makes me an untouchable in Hollywood. I know. Also you think Bruce MacDougal is romping around because I look like just another telephone number. Well, he isn't. He isn't like that. He talks to me. He likes me and he thinks of me as a person. I suppose you'll fix that tomorrow, but tonight he'll be here. Ray, let me have an evening of peace and quiet with a man who isn't on the make. I'm sorry if that hurts you, but let's be honest with each other. I've never known a man before who just wanted to talk to me. It's kind of nice, Ray. It's flattering. Don't spoil it, please.

Look, you have your home and your little girl and your movie empire and, in a pinch, you have me (if that means anything), and I haven't a damn' thing. Give me a break.

Give me a little time to play that this is a picture and that a happy ending is inevitable. You don't really want me. Neither does Bruce MacDougal, but it would be fun to play that he did.

I wouldn't have the nerve to be so honest with you if we hadn't always played the game without kidding ourselves. I was lonely and you were lonely, so we drifted together. That's all. It isn't worth talking about. You wouldn't talk about it, would you, Ray? You wouldn't say to anybody "Oh, Cynthia Carson!" in that tone a man uses when he wants to spill the beans and still be able to claim that he never kissed and told.

Give me a break, Ray.

You know I'd swear to anything for you if it ever came to a showdown. And I'm not asking you to lie. I'm just asking you to keep quiet. Please, for God's sake, give me a break.

Yours,
C.

You get a fairly accurate picture of Cynthia in the foregoing. She is young, pretty, unattached; more thoughtful of others than she is of herself. Such a combination often proves fatal in Hollywood, and already she seems to foresee trouble. Why else is she pleading with Ray for a "break"? Next week's installment shows what a Hollywood break can be for a woman like her.

A WEST POINT for POLICE

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Acme photo

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article concludes Our New Civil War, Mr. Irwin's series on Uncle Sam's G-men and their campaigns against kidnapers, bank robbers of the Dillinger type, and organized crime in general. The preceding installments appeared in Liberty's issues of January 5, 12, and 19.

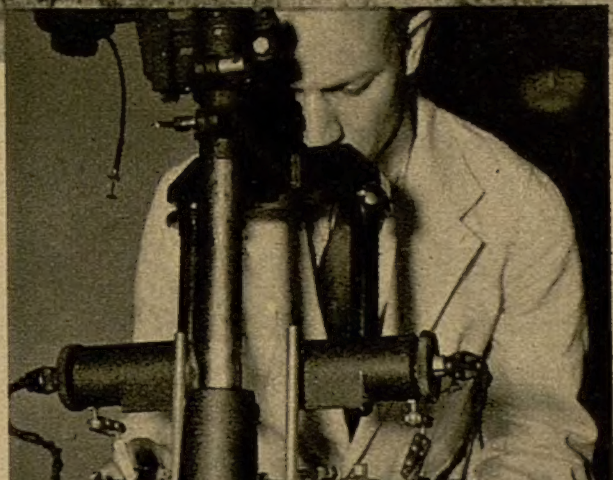
WHEN in 1924 Harlan F. Stone, then Attorney-General, founded the Department of Justice's modern Division of Investigation, he laid down the rule that applicants must have higher education. The force needed a few expert accountants and chemists; the rest—the rank and file—must hold diplomas from law schools of good standing. When the news got abroad, old-time police executives called this publicity stuff and fancywork. Theorists and highbrows! Correspondence-school detectives! Boy Scouts!

Stone, however, knew exactly what he was doing. He must have known how often the evidence of professional city detectives falls down in court. And this is the final result: Last year the Department of Justice got convictions in 93 per cent of the cases they brought to trial. The average district attorney, working with city detectives, feels that he is doing well if he gets convictions in 35 per cent of his cases.

He who would enter this department must be a law-school graduate, then—or in a minority of cases an expert accountant. He must have a verified clean record for honesty, decency, and sobriety. He must be between twenty-five and thirty-five. He must pass a strict physical examination. And he must undergo searching mental tests. For obvious reasons the department gives preference to men who are good at athletics. The present force includes adepts in all sports, from boxing to cricket. Among them are seventeen former varsity football captains.

Accepted at last, the new agent reports at Washington and begins an intensive schooling which lasts two months. His higher education begins with drawing up reports and accounting. These are essential. As for reports, this force sets down its evidence on paper. A government man who has served with both a city police department and the Department of Justice remarked to me:

"When the average police department tackles a crime, the chief sends out a pair of detectives. They make an arrest. Before the case goes to trial, the detectives report orally to the district attorney. They wouldn't know how to write a report which would be useful to a lawyer. A stenographer takes down their remarks. And when the district attorney comes to present his case in court, it may be full of unnecessary holes.



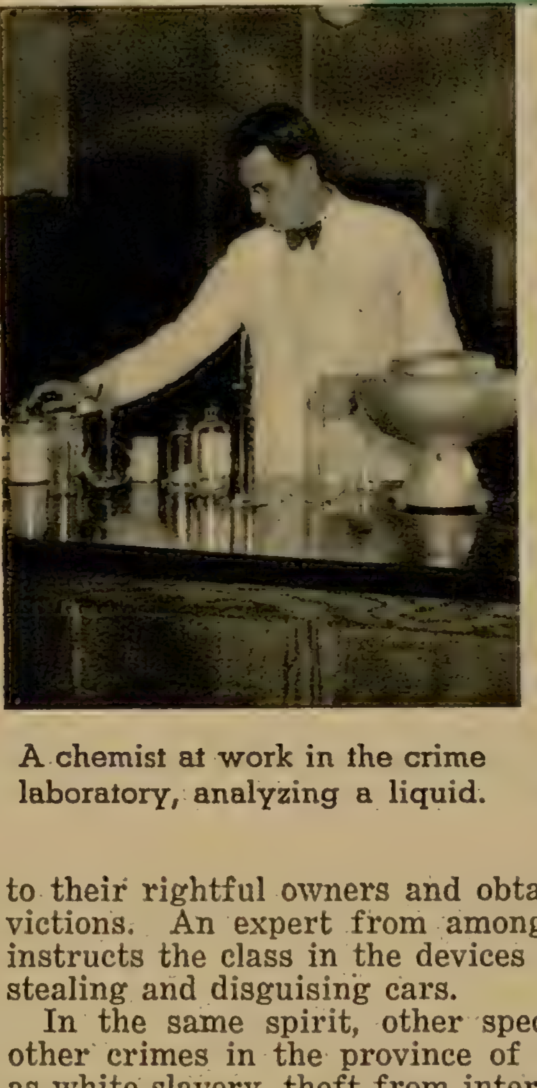
Top: The "tommy gun" shown in the picture used to be Machine-Gun Kelly's. Now it is in the division's collection of weapons of criminals. Below: Future G-men getting instruction and practice in marksmanship, in which all of them must qualify. Bottom: An improved method of comparing two bullets to determine if they had been fired from the same pistol.

"Again: Uncle Sam's men work on very few cases limited to a single community. The Dillinger case had angles in twenty communities of the Middle West. When an agent takes up one of these ends, he has before him reports on all the other ends—the real evidence so far established, separated from the promising leads. Finally, when the department has a big country-wide case, like

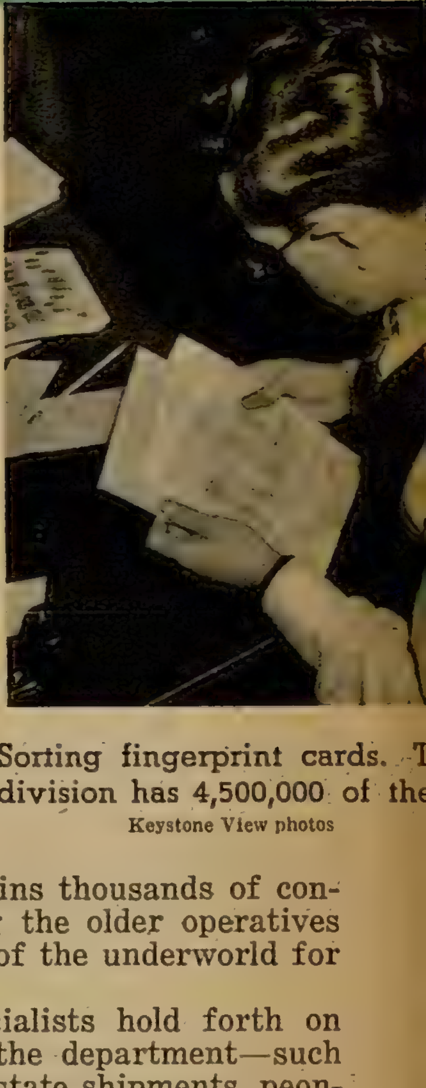
The Surprising Inside Story of Uncle Sam's College-Bred Cops—Soon, Perhaps, to Be Given a National Academy of Their Own

by WILL IRWIN

Part of the division's crime laboratory. Here bullets, bloodstains, hairs, and cloth fibers are scientifically examined by specialists.



A chemist at work in the crime laboratory, analyzing a liquid.



Sorting fingerprint cards. T division has 4,500,000 of th

Keystone View photos

the Urschel kidnaping or the Kansas City massacre, a supervisor, sitting in the office at Washington, directs and coördinates it. He'd be of virtually no use without full and accurate written reports."

The importance of accounting proceeds from a kink in our Constitution. Did you know that the central government, instead of the states, has control over bankruptcies? All fraudulent cases, whether in Maine or Minnesota, New York or New Mexico, come to the Department of Justice for investigation and prosecution. Once the division existed almost solely for this job. Even today the scrutiny of account books, documents, and business transactions occupies almost half its time.

SUCH cases do not make especially good newspaper copy. But when the operatives talk shop they are likely to brush away the shooting affrays with bank robbers and glow with admiration over that agent who worked for six years on a complicated set of accounts, and at last got a conviction.

Next to bankruptcy the biggest routine job of the department has to do with automobile theft—federal law makes transportation of a stolen car across a state line a felony. Every year the division returns 60,000 cars to their rightful owners and obtains thousands of convictions. An expert from among the older operatives instructs the class in the devices of the underworld for stealing and disguising cars.

In the same spirit, other specialists hold forth on other crimes in the province of the department—such as white slavery, theft from interstate shipments, peonage, kidnaping, illegal possession of arms, and offenses against our marine laws. Identification by fingerprints is a main foundation of scientific detective work. Instructors teach the freshman agents how to bring out latent fingerprints. In the laboratory he learns how the experts of the division classify them, identify handwriting, typewriting, and bullets, "bring up" erased writing, and make casts of footprints. Finally, he must learn photography.

The course grows more interesting to the outsider when the instructor begins to hammer in the cardinal principles—common sense and observation. Above all, he enjoins, "Use your eyes!" After a course of instruction in doing so, the class is put through a test. A room in the building is set like a stage with "the scene of the crime"—a dummy corpse, a few bloodstains, a discharged pistol, a torn document, and the like. Each member of the class enters alone and, emerging, writes a report. The instructor, after reading and marking it, calls in the student and tells him what important details he has missed. All through the course the class finds itself surprised with such tests. Similarly the students do "laboratory work" in questioning witnesses.

All this time they have been learning to shoot. In the army, more-than-average shots rate successively, according to scores, as marksmen, sharpshooters, and experts. If an embryo federal agent cannot qualify as a marksman at least, the department reluctantly drops him. But in the class of thirty men who went through the mill this year only three fell even so low as marksmen. Eleven qualified as experts; one just shaved the world's record for pistol shooting at the distance.

Graduated, the young agent passes on to one of those thirty suboffices strung from Boston to Los Angeles. But his education is not finished. For two or three years the agent in charge watches his practical work, commending or criticizing it. Even after that, like a modern physician, chemist, or teacher, he is supposed to "keep up" during his whole professional life.

Backing this work stands a physical equipment unique in the United States—a kind of laboratory for detecting crime. Its most famous part is the fingerprint file. Rows of cabinets, filling long rooms, hold four and a half million cards—half a million foreign crooks, all the rest domestic. This last figure stands as an indictment against American civilization. The next largest collection in the world, that of Scotland Yard, comprises only half a million cards.

Nowadays prints come in by hundreds a day. In the case of a set which they find duplicated in their files, the Department of Justice guarantees to send back the man's record to the inquiring local police within thirty-six hours. In practice its experts work much faster than that. Usually the clerk has made his identification—from four million prints—in less than three minutes. Three times I have watched this job done in two minutes and a half by the watch.

This system of classification—based on the method invented by Scotland Yard—applies only to fingerprints of the whole hand. Classifying the 45,000,000 separate fingers would be an almost impossible task. However, the department has an "individual finger file" for 7,000 of the most dangerous criminals—the Baby-Face Nelsons and John Hamiltons.

By means of the fingerprint file as a whole, some four hundred fugitives are handed over to justice every year. Supplementing the file is a complete catalogue of the four and a half million persons whose names or monikers appear on the fingerprints. Another set of files classifies monikers or nicknames. Finally, the department is assembling a new file—"criminal methods"—especially aimed at bank robbers, train robbers, and mail robbers.

WE must hurry through the rest of the laboratory. Technically speaking, the work of the fingerprint experts is simple beside some of the other processes in it. As most readers know, a bullet traversing the bore of any rifled weapon writes, as it emerges, the autograph of the gun. Nevertheless, proving to a jury that two different bullets came from the same gun takes an expert fortified by delicate ingenious instruments for photographing the scratches on the two bullets and matching the photographs. The experts and the instruments are both here.

Among the equipment is a complete collection of American rifle, pistol, and machine-gun cartridges. Chemists can prove the difference or identity of two hairs, two bloodstains, two fibers of cloth. The X-ray men can bring out erasures in documents and effaced cleansers' marks on clothing; they can even prove the identity or difference of two pieces of paper.

There is a staff of handwriting experts. Typewritten documents have become constantly more important. Every typewriter, like every gun, writes its own autograph. A big filing cabinet holds a "specimen of my handwriting" from every make and variety of American or British typewriter. Two years ago there came to the experts in this department a sample of typewriting which had no duplicate in this collection. After a long search the agents found the missing variety of type in a New York toy store—a child's typewriter, imported from Germany for the Christmas trade. And this discovery sent an extortionist to prison.

All writing paper with any pretension to quality bears a watermark, invisible until the sheet is held up to the light. By arrangement with our manufacturers, the department has a complete collection of modern American watermarks, the dates of their adoption and discontinuance carefully noted. A will, a bill of sale, or a transfer dated 1926 but written on a brand of paper not manufactured until 1931 is palpably a forgery. This file has caught many a criminal.

The New York police department has a very good laboratory; except for the collection of fingerprints, almost as good as this. The police of the big Californian cities, not quite so well equipped, use the same scientific methods and with notably successful results. But the work of this laboratory stands available for those small-town and county police departments which have no chemists, ballistic experts, nor X-ray apparatus.

THESE, however, are only mechanical appliances intelligently employed. If this little force of federal operatives has risen in ten years to the top of the profession, the true reason is not machines but men. "Give us men educated to understand what evidence is, and to know how to get it"—this was the guiding principle from the first. Good police work, in these days, calls just as loudly for the trained, scientific, specialized mind as does sinking a mine shaft or commanding a division.

In December Attorney-General Cummings assembled in Washington a crime conference to consider ways and means for abating the great American nuisance. This convention had definite objects. First of all, it was to try to coördinate the police work of these United States so that we might fight the underworld not by squads but as an army. It was to look into those abuses of the parole system which have turned loose such desperate criminals as Frank Nash, John Dillinger, the Barrow brothers. It was to touch on such delicate subjects as police graft and that political control which hampers so many honest chiefs, makes tenure of office so uncertain. It was to deal with the law's delays and with the slippery devices of shyster lawyers. It was to consider a policy toward juvenile delinquency, that main feeder of American crime.

Also among its agenda was a proposal for a police academy at Washington—an institution of equal dignity with our Military and Naval Academies.

This school might begin without special buildings or Congressional appropriations, as an extension of the training school for the department operatives. When it rises to the dignity of separate existence, it must differ in scheme from the senior academies. We select our young generals and admirals by Congressional appointment, educate them free, give them jobs when they are graduated. Outside of the Department of Justice, there will be no ready-made jobs for these students—since no one at Washington envisions anything so fantastic as an all-embracing national police force. Presumably most of them will pay their way, like a young man who is studying to be a physician or a chemist, and upon graduation will enter some police department with the idea of working to the top by their own merits. It will be a school not for policemen so much as for police executives. It will not have to beg for students. Young men with educated minds and bodies are already looking that way. For example, since the depression several former college athletes from Harvard, Tufts, and Boston College have entered the Boston police department as patrolmen. And this is not a stopgap with them. They intend to follow the work as a career.

The national police academy is coming, if not this year, eventually. Thirty years from now probably few cities will intrust direction of their forces to any man who has not a diploma from this academy or some other accredited school of the same kind.

THE END

The DRY MARTINI . . . as Charlie of New York's Ritz Hotel makes it

Fleischmann's Distilled Dry Gin
Fleischmann's Distilled Dry Gin

"In making a Martini, I first pour one-half ounce of French Vermouth into a tall mixing glass. Add one ounce of a good American gin and a dash or two of Orange Bitters. Then I put in some ice cubes, stir slowly and serve in a Martini glass with a green olive. The most important part of a Martini is the gin. I prefer to use a mild, smooth American gin—such as Fleischmann's. I've found that Fleischmann's blends much better with Vermouth and other liquors—not only in Martinis—but in all kinds of gin cocktails."

Why Most American People prefer this American Gin

Fleischmann's Dry Gin is especially distilled to the American taste. It's smoother, milder . . . never gives a "raw" flavor to mixed drinks

IT'S a good old American custom—the Dry Martini. Popular in the gay 90's . . . even more popular today.

A successful Martini requires a smooth American gin—a gin specially distilled to blend in mixed drinks.

Fleischmann's is an American gin. It is distilled to blend perfectly with other liquors and fruit juices—to bring out their hidden, subtle flavors.

Most Americans prefer a mild, smooth American gin to strong-flavored, so-called "London" or Holland gins *which were not originally intended for mixing.*

An American gin—distilled from an American formula—Fleischmann's satisfies the American taste.

Buy a bottle. Make your next cocktail party a grand success. Mix up some Martinis, as Charlie directs, and notice how your guests praise their smooth, delicious flavor.

With your very first sip, you'll understand why "it takes an American gin to make a smooth American cocktail."

Fleischmann's Distilled Dry Gin
Established 1870
Distilled from selected domestic grain by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation Peekskill, New York
90 Proof
Contents 4/5 of a quart

CONTROLLED FROM GRAIN TO BOTTLE

Fleischmann's Dry Gin contains none of the impurities that cause a "raw" flavor in mixed drinks.

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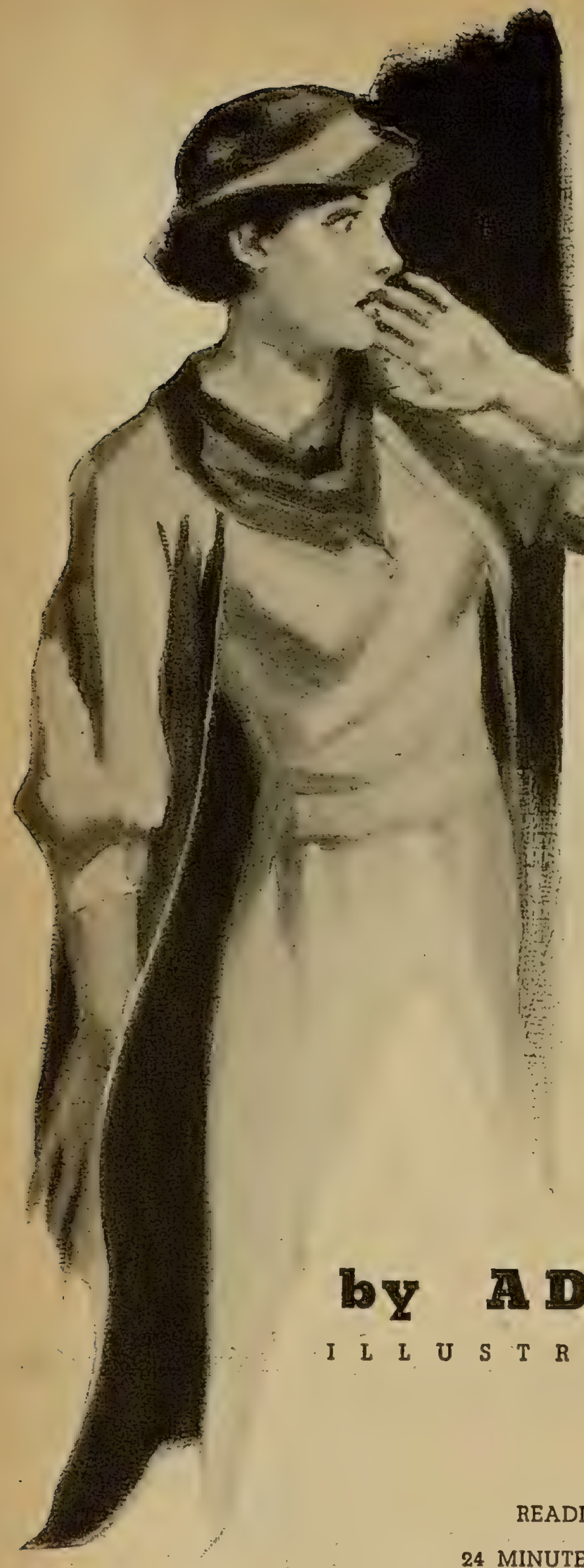


The Custody of the CHILD

A Story that Will Tug at Your Heartstrings—of a Mother's Flaming Sword of Faith and a "Power Higher than the Law"

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STOCKTON MULFORD

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE last man she served during the afternoon—motorist trade was erratic about eating hours—gave Molly a fifty-cent tip. He liked the way she said, "Hope you have a nice trip." It sounded so full of good cheer.

On the way home Molly bought a toy boat with it. She clutched it in her hand as she walked up the hill and thought about the letter she had received that morning. Martin wanted to come back to her. And there was some veiled threat about Peter which she did not understand: "I don't intend to be separated from my son; you better count on that."

"You been cryin'," Peter said accusingly.

"Well, then, I've been crying," said Molly.

It wasn't any use trying to deceive Peter, with her eyes all red and swollen.

"You're a sissy," said Peter, regarding her with a surprised blue gaze. Then he put down the hammer and the bent nail which had been engaging his attention and came over and stood beside her. The feel of his small hand on her knee brought the tears to Molly's throat again.

"What d'you mean, calling your mother a sissy?" she said.

"It's what you call me when I cry," said Peter.

"Women," said Molly, rubbing her nose against his rough straw-colored hair, "are different. It's all right for little girls to cry sometimes."

"Why?" said Peter.

"I do' know exactly," said Molly, and smiled engagingly at him. The smile tilted her round mouth and the corners of her eyes to match her impudent nose and the upward sweep of her flying hair. "Only it's like this, Pete: God made men and women and He made them different. The men are brave and go to war and work hard and they can take it. It's sissy for men to cry. Girls can't fight and they're weak and have the babies. So they can cry once in a while."

"O. K.," said Peter.

He resumed his activities with the hammer. The kitchen was warm and bright, shut in from the cold winds that swept down from the mountains. It would be lonesome after Peter went to bed. But not so lonesome as it used to be when Martin sat there, reading his paper and never saying a word.

Molly put on the water to boil Peter's eggs.

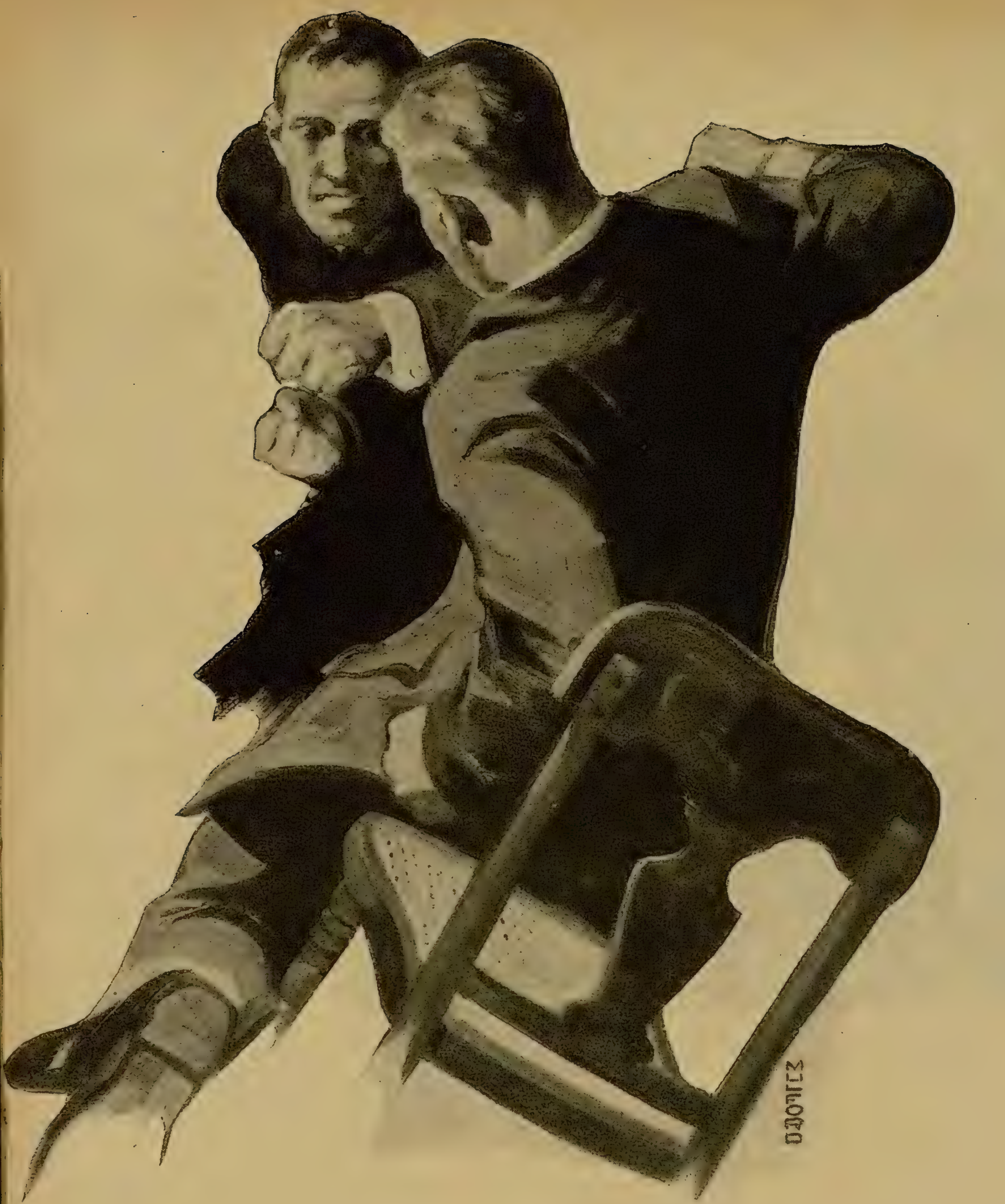
"Damn this nail," Peter said casually.

"Don't you say damn," Molly said hotly. "I've told you about that before."

"You said damn yesterday when you couldn't find your hat," Peter remarked.

"You're getting too fresh," said Molly. "I guess I must have explained to you five hundred times that there are things big people can do that aren't nice for little boys."

She sat down on the floor beside him. "Let me fix



"Martin hit Chas and they had a fight, and all the neighbors heard it. That's just the way it happened."

that," she said. "You can't drive a nail in when it's all crooked, see? Pete, I love you. You got to be good and help me. I never had a little boy before and I want you to be the best boy in the United States." She was thinking again of Martin, of the letter. "I guess I oughtn't to say damn where you can hear me, but I forgot."

"What's wrong with damn?" said Peter.

MOLLY gave the nail an extra hard blow. "Some folks think it's not nice and they'd say you didn't have the right kind of a mother if they heard you say it. I promise I won't say it if you won't."

"O. K.," said Peter. "Mummy, what were you crying about?"

"I cried because I had a stummick-ache," said Molly. She left him while she went to boil his eggs. The thoughts that had harassed her all day came back, beating against her mind with dark wings. Her soul was disturbed with some premonition of disaster.

It was difficult now to understand why she had married Martin in the first place, because she had never loved him, not even a little bit, not even the way she had been stuck on Chas Baker and Duddy Ahrens. She had had a real crush on Chas, with his blue, blue eyes and his quick laughter and his hot kisses.

Of course Chas couldn't marry her. He never had a job for more than a week at a time, and besides, he was always drifting here and there.

Everybody said Martin was a good man. He was older—twenty-six when Molly met him. He had a good job. He didn't drink.

Martin was good-looking in a way. A big man with a square blond head and a big square jaw.

It wasn't until after she married him that Molly discovered the real Martin.

Now Martin wanted to come back.

That was why Molly had been crying.

While she was feeding Peter his lettuce and his certified milk—it cost a lot more but Molly knew it had more vitamins — Martin's mother came in. Molly felt sort of embarrassed. It seemed funny having Martin's mother come to see her when she and Martin didn't live together any more. But, after all, Mrs. Solman was Peter's grandmother. And Molly thought she was a little pleasanter when Martin wasn't around. The old lady was always right under Martin's thumb.

Together they put the baby to bed.

Peter kissed his grandmother. He said calmly, "Now you go away." When she had gone into the kitchen he said, "I don't like her to hear my prayers. She don't believe in God at all."

Molly looked startled. "What d'you mean she don't believe in God?" she said.

Peter thought a moment, wriggling under the bedclothes. "Her eyes look afraid all the time," he said finally.

When he had finished he said, "Now I'll give you a bear hug. Do you want a teeny-weeny one, or a medium-size one, or a *great big one?*"

"I'll take all three, please, mister," said Molly.

Her flying hair was badly rumpled when she went out. Under her mother-in-law's eyes she smoothed it down hurriedly.

Mrs. Solman said, "I had a letter from Martin this morning."

Molly's heart began to beat faster as she gathered up Peter's dishes. "Did you?" she said.

"He says he may come back soon. He don't like it down in Los."

"He's not coming back *here*," said Molly in a loud defiant voice.

It kept echoing in the room; she could hear it over and over again in the silence as she washed the dishes.

"You can go to the movies, if you want," said Mrs.

Solman. "I'll stay with Peter. You ought to get out once in a while nights, when you work all day."

Molly's face brightened. Ginger Rogers was in the picture and Molly was crazy about Ginger. Then the small chill fear that had been in the pit of her stomach all day began trembling once more.

"That's swell of you," she said, "but not tonight. I guess I'll stay home. I'm kind of tired."

But in the morning the fear was gone. Life and the love of life surged back into Molly flamboyantly, without rhyme or reason. Her eyes shone with it and her lips laughed with it and her cheeks were aglow with it.

On her way to work, after she had left Peter with the woman who took care of him daytimes, she saw Chas. So Chas was back in town again. Well, it didn't mean anything in her young life. She waved a flip hand at him and went on without speaking. But then she looked back over her shoulder and smiled at him. Chas was cute. . . .

"For a smart girl," the young lawyer told her, "you haven't shown much sense."

"I guess I'm not so smart," Molly said wearily.

The lawyer scared her in spite of the fact that he had taken such an interest in the case when he knew she couldn't pay him any money. His name was Humphrey Bowan and he was only two years out of U. S. C. Law School. It was one of his first cases, Molly's.

"Martin did hit Peter!" she cried out, spitting the words into the face of the lawyer who bent over her.

"You walked right into it," said Bowan. "I should think you'd have seen it coming."

"I know," said Molly. "Only I never thought—not even Martin—"

"The things that are going to make the trouble in court," said the young lawyer, "are the night Chas Baker was alone with you in your house at three in the morning, and the night you left your baby alone to go to that roadhouse with him."

MOLLY went a dull awful crimson. "I didn't leave my baby alone—I left him with Martin's mother. I wouldn't leave Peter alone. Peter knows that."

"But Mrs. Solman says she wasn't there that night."

"She's a liar," said Molly.

"And the boy's father says that when he came to the house at one o'clock the child was alone and crying himself hysterical, and that you didn't come in until nearly two and you'd been drinking."

Molly stood up, running her hands through her hair.

"You see—" she said, and choked. She tried again, more slowly, feeling her way. "I've told you what happened. Mrs. Solman offered to stay with the baby while I went to the movies. She did sometimes. She said she'd sleep on the sofa in the front room. I met Chas at the movies—I didn't even know he was going to be there. We went out to the Pagoda to dance. I kind of like to dance and I hadn't in quite a long time. Martin didn't dance; he said dancing was only to get people excited. When we got home—I'd had two glasses of beer, that's all—Martin was there. And his mother wasn't. Martin hit Chas and they had a fight, and all the neighbors heard it, and Peter—that was when Peter cried. That's just the way it happened."

The lawyer watched her eyes. "It's funny," he said, "but I believe you."

"And that other night," said Molly, fighting for breath, "I was in bed, and Chas came and knocked on the door and I went in my nightgown. He said, 'What's wrong?' And I said, 'Nothing.' And he said some woman phoned him and said to come right over, I was in trouble."

"ONE of the oldest frame-ups in the world," said Bowan, "but difficult to prove. As for Mrs. Solman, unfortunately she belongs to the local woman's club and all that boloney."

Molly said, "She's scared to death of Martin. He can make her do anything."

"Your husband's very well thought of in this town, I find," said Bowan slowly. "He's got a good reputation for honesty and integrity. Every one says he was a good husband, sober and faithful and hard-working."

Molly stared at him.

"He's mean," she said, and went white with shame, shame of the man she had married. "He's mean and cruel."

How could she explain that Martin was not only mean with money, but that he was mean with laughter, with kindness; that he resented happiness?

"That lucky stiff," he always said when any one got a promotion or made some money or achieved a success. "How does he get away with it? He hasn't got a thing!"

He made everything seem ugly. He tore down Molly's faith in her friends. "You think she likes you?" he would say. "I could tell you things she said about you. She's only after what she can get out of you." And Molly had then, as now, no words to defend herself and her loyalty and her love of mankind. She just stood silent while he laughed at her—that silent laughter that was like a dog baring its fangs.

The vices sixteen-year-old Molly had encountered had been the vices of publicans and sinners. She knew about getting drunk, and about sex, and even murder.

Frankly enough, she had known about passion. It was something you felt or you didn't. She supposed she had felt it for Chas when he kissed her, with those light quick teasing kisses and then suddenly fastened his lips upon hers and held her body hard against him. But she had known quite well, too, what to do about it. She struggled free of those kisses and gave Chas a shove and said firmly, even though her breath came in little gasps, "You quit it, Chas Baker. You behave yourself."

But she had never dreamed of and did not yet understand passion that held a horrible nastiness, that thought of itself as a sin, that hid its head in shame even within the sacred precincts of marriage. She hadn't expected Martin to be like that.

There wasn't any of this she knew how to explain to the smooth-faced boy across the desk.

"He's—he's mean," she said again, stammering a little—and let it go at that.

"He must be crazy about the boy to be willing to make all this uproar," Bowan said.

"About Peter?" said Molly. She sat down again and pushed her flying hair back from a forehead that was damp. "Martin? He didn't even want Peter."

Martin had said they couldn't afford a baby. And he was making sixty dollars a week in the oil fields!

She had wanted a baby terribly. But Martin didn't like children. He was a set man, set in his ways, and he didn't like to be interfered with; he hated noise and confusion around the house, the bottles and the little wet clothes and the disturbed nights. Peter had been an awful restless baby. Above all, Martin didn't like Molly to have any other interests. A queer sort of jealousy possessed him. Not the frank jealousy with which Chas used to swear at her when she danced too often with some other boy. No—you never could tell what Martin was thinking by what he said. He was sarcastic; he made her feel guilty and confused.

"Peter's afraid of Martin," she said suddenly, and young and inexperienced as he was, Bowan knew that now she had come to the greatest of the fears that tortured her.

"Everybody says he was a good father," he said slowly.

"No," said Molly. "No! It was just that Martin always talked about not spoiling children and sent Peter out of the room when people were there. He talked about discipline."

Discipline, to Martin, meant seeing that Peter never did anything he wanted to do, that he never had any fun.

"Once," she said in a whisper, "he hit Peter. Not spanked him."

Bowan said, "Well, he wants him, anyway. And he wants a divorce. He wanted you back for a while, didn't he?"

Molly rubbed the back of her hand across her eyes. Her whole being was trembling. "Yes," she said, "he wanted me back. But—you see—I didn't know about Peter. I didn't know they could take the custody of the child away from its mother. I thought of course Peter would always be with me. And I told Martin I hated him and—lots of things. Now he doesn't want me back. I don't know why he wanted to marry me. He didn't like anything about me. Nothing I did ever pleased him. He said I was cheap and—and ignorant—and he made fun of me. Martin thinks he knows everything in the world."

BUT, in shame, she knew well enough why he had married her and why he had wanted her back. The answer lay in Molly's rounded young body, her dark thick hair, her round scarlet mouth with its short upper lip caught back from her white teeth. It lay in the darkness of those nights whose memories turned her cold and ill.

She knew, too, why he wouldn't have her back now, even if she could force herself to that horror for Peter's sake. The things she had told him in her fury and fear the night he and Chas had fought had turned his arrogant male vanity into a raging hatred that would be satisfied now only with the full measure of this terrible revenge he was planning.

"He doesn't want Peter," she said. "He only wants to hurt and humiliate me. He hates me. A man can hate a woman something terrible if she gives him the air while he's still stuck on her."

She stood up.

"Can they take Peter away from me?" she said as bravely as she could. "I'm—I'm his mother. Could they really take him away from me?"

The young lawyer didn't look at her. He couldn't.

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I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE! BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I'M NOT A BIT AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN
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LORETTA YOUNG
20TH CENTURY STAR

"It'll be a battle," he said. "I hope we don't get Judge Stillwell. He's a witch burner. There are still a few of them left on the bench." . . .

From the bench Judge Stillwell looked down upon the girl who was Peter's mother. Just at first Molly was pleased because the judge had a round fat face. But then she saw that though his face was fat it was not good-natured. The mouth that disappeared in the creases of fat was harsh and disapproving. The judge's wife could have told Molly many things of which the judge disapproved. Cigarettes and roadhouses and even beer, in spite of the fact that it was now legal.

Molly was cold all over as she sat on the witness stand.

Chas had let her down rather badly. He hadn't meant to, of course. But Chas couldn't help bragging a little. He probably just couldn't help it. He wanted to make people think that this dark voluptuous girl went for him, that he was a better man than her big blond husband.

Molly thought wildly that she was being ground between the male vanity of these two men. She pulled her skirt down over her ankles and tried to meet the judge's cold eyes squarely. She wondered why he disliked her when he didn't even know her.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS *was born in Los Angeles and is well known to Liberty readers through her biographies of motion-picture stars, articles, and stories. As a special feature writer for a newspaper syndicate she reported the sensational Bruno Hauptmann trial.*

Peter was not in court.

"He ought to be—just once," Molly had protested to Bowan. "They could see how much Peter loves me. Peter ought to have something to say about it."

But Judge Stillwell did not approve of bringing young children into court.

The thing that seemed to shock the judge most was the testimony of Mrs. Solman that Molly used to sing Peter to sleep sometimes with a song called The Man on the Flying Trapeze.

"Do you consider that a fit song for a child?" he asked.

Molly tried to swallow. The eyes of the courtroom were hurting her badly, like hot wires driven into her flesh. Martin's eyes were among them. They made her feel guilty and gross and stupid.

She said, "Peter liked it. You know—the part about 'he floats through the air with the greatest of ease,' and about hanging by his nose up above. He always laughed."

The judge said, "Did he like those words which read 'His eyes would undress every maid in the house'?"

"Peter isn't big enough to understand anything dirty," Molly said simply. "Besides, I'd sort of go tum-tum-te-tum on those parts."

She told the story well and Bowan was proud of her.

But the cross-examination was something she hadn't conceived. It made her sick and dizzy and her mind was numb with the blows, the lies. The sweat in the palms of her hands was icy.

ONCE she lost her temper. The whole courtroom was a mist of red. She scratched back like a small black cat. "Martin did hit Peter!" she cried out, spitting the words into the face of the lawyer who bent over her. "He hit him. How can they let him tell such lies?"

"Can you prove what you've just said?" the judge asked her.

Molly looked up at him. "What d'you mean, prove it?" she said.

"Did any one see it?"

"*I* saw it!" Molly shouted at him. "*I* saw it. I'm not a liar like they are. I saw it. I'm Peter's mother!"

"You won't help your case any by such unsupported accusations," the judge said.

"That's all," the lawyer said.

Molly looked at Bowan with dazed eyes.

"You can come down now," Bowan said gently.

Molly stood up. Her knuckles were white where her hands held on to the rail. She said, "I'm his mother. He loves me—he loves me more than anything in the world. He'll be unhappy—"

"The chief consideration," said Judge Stillwell, "is the moral welfare of the child."

"But"—suddenly Molly was screaming and her voice filled the courtroom with the sound of a soul in hell—"but I don't want him to grow up mean like Martin! He's mine—mine! You can't take him away from me—he won't know what to do without me—Martin never wanted him—"

Somehow Bowan got her down and she sat very still beside him.

"I shall take this matter under advisement," said Judge Stillwell.

That night at dinner the judge's wife said, "Was she pretty—the child's mother?"

"In a cheap way, I suppose she was," said the judge.

"THEN of course you'll take the child away from her," said his wife. "The bishop is distressed because I have lost my faith in the power of God. I explained to him that it was because a bolt of lightning didn't strike you down from the bench. Will you have some chocolate pudding, dear?"

But the judge could not eat any chocolate pudding. He was busy controlling the desire to murder his wife which so often visited him. . . .

Molly's lips were so white that the lipstick stood out like a clown's mask.

Peter said, "I don't want to go to Los Angeles on a visit. I want to stay here with you."

"You'll have a good time," said Molly.

"I won't either," said Peter.

Molly did not answer. Somewhere inside of her there must be a smile with which she could say good-by to Peter. The birth pangs of it tore her as pangs had torn her when Peter was born, only these were worse. But when Peter looked up, she was smiling. That made him feel better. Maybe it wasn't so bad, if mummy was smiling.

"Hey," said Molly, "get your hammer. You might as well take it."

Carefully she packed it under his small nightclothes. Her mouth tasted of blood. Tonight he wouldn't be here. He'd cry himself to sleep and when he woke up he'd yell "Mummy!" and she wouldn't be there. He always got in her bed and woke her up kicking her in the stomach. Peter—Peter—

"Look," she said. "I'll write you about those tadpoles. Their tails will come off pretty soon. I'll write you a long letter—".

There was the sound of a car outside.

Out of the flaming agony, the crushing numbness, like a miracle, Molly's soul suddenly came alive.

She took Peter's small hand and the suitcase and went out on to the porch. Martin was there. Everything she knew about him was written plainly on his face. But her soul still sang the mighty song of faith.

"Peter," she said, "go get in the car."

"Mummy—" said Peter. His hand clutched hers hotly. His lower lip trembled.

"It's all right," said Molly. "Go get in the car, dear."

Peter went, not looking back, gallantly.

Molly said clearly, "If I were you, Martin, I wouldn't take Peter."

They faced each other. Martin's eyes were so angry that she wondered if he saw her or if he only saw some distorted vision of hatred. Her face was thin and white, like the face of a person who has just come out of the valley of death. Sorrow was heavy upon her eyelids, but she carried a flaming sword. He might have seen it but for that film of hatred.

"*You* know," said Molly. "It doesn't make any difference now what people think or courts decide. This is between you and me—and Peter. And *you know.* I'm helpless—like mothers when their sons go to war.

"But you listen to me now, Martin."

Her eyes never left him.

"There's a power higher than Judge Stillwell. There's a law bigger than any human law that can go so wrong, that can get so twisted. It's been forever, or we wouldn't be here.

"Martin—Peter belongs to *me.* I'm his mother and he's just a little boy. I never did anything that makes me unfit to be his mother. God's *got* to know that. No judge and no law has any *right* to take Peter away from me."

HIS hatred was at top pitch now. There was an ugly purple flush on his skin.

He said one quick ugly word and started down the steps. Molly didn't move.

She said, "I warn you. Don't go on with it, Martin. Don't take Peter away from me. I don't know now—but there's something that won't let you. Don't do it, Martin."

She did not look as the car swung away. Her eyes were closed. Her hands were thin and white, locked upon her breast. . . .

The sunlight was hot on the highway where it twisted along the ocean, and the ocean was glaring and golden. On the other side the palisades rose high and perpendicular, ribbed by the waters of the ages, their square tops brown against the sky.

A small dark roadster came swiftly along the cement roadway. It came at terrific speed, as though driven by some blinding wind of passion, swaying from side to side. It was a small dark car with a man and a little boy inside.

Men were working on the highway, widening it for the steady stream of traffic that went up and down beside the Pacific from the City of the Golden Gate to the City of the Angels.

The little boy looked out and saw the giant steam shovels at work, tearing down the brown palisades that had withstood centuries of wind and water, that had once seen the brown figures of the padres plodding between the missions. He felt very lonely. The man beside him had not once spoken in all the long drive, and he looked strange to the little boy, and his eyes, when they looked at the child, did not seem to see him.

Peter watched the brown earth slide away at the touch of machines driven by steam, controlled by men.

It happened as an earthquake or a tidal wave happens—without warning.

Man, playing God, struck too deep, and the earth for one moment rebelled like an angry monster.

The side of the mountain crumbled, roared, and came down upon the highway in an angry avalanche, a mad torrent of brown earth and great black and green and yellow rocks that bobbed and leaped like mad things.

It crumbled and roared—and there was still time for the small dark car to stop, to avoid it—to stop or to swing wide upon the beach. It crumbled and roared and lay still.

The great clouds of yellow dust, heavy as gunpowder, swirled in the air, settled.

For a moment time itself seemed to hang silent and still and awed.

Then men were running, shouting like crazy things, toward the mass of earth and rocks. Cars stopped. People poured out, scurrying like bugs. A woman kept on screaming, "Stop, stop—oh, make him stop!" as she had been screaming at the small dark car.

A man shouted, "There's a car under there!" His voice broke. "There's a car under there— Oh, my God!"

Men in overalls, hot, grimy, white-lipped, silent. Men who moved big rattling trucks. Men who moved the big steam shovels swiftly, driven as men are to superhuman strength to save their brother man in some crisis. Men who knew their business and kept their heads.

Other men were clawing at the dirt, like fools, trying to lift it in little handfuls.

The giant steam shovels, repeating that too-deep bite that had unloosed this fury, roared and swung, dark against the sun. The earth and the rocks came away, swung in the air, fell harmless.

The top of a car showed through.

"Don't look!" a man babbled. "Don't look!"

The car was visible, one side crushed.

"Nothing we can do for *him,*" said the big man in overalls. "Fool drove right into it. You'd think he couldn't see—like he was blind or something."

He wiped away the mud that the dust and sweat had caked on his face. He put his hand against the great boulder that lay against the front of the car. He was very sick.

IN the stillness there was a faint sound.

The man in overalls said prayerfully, "God!"

They went in under the boulder, into the space that lay behind the great rock, keeping it clear of dirt.

The big man stood up, tall and grimy, holding the boy in his arms—a very white little boy, whose eyes popped out of his white face and whose trembling lips were green.

"Mummy," he said weakly. "Oh—oh—mummy!"

The big man began to cry openly. He patted the small boy on the back with a huge hairy hand.

"Don't you worry, fella," he said. "I'll take you back to your mummy."

The clang of the steam shovel was silent, as though the mills of the gods had ceased to grind.

THE END

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Abraham Lincoln and

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

QUITE by accident I stumbled recently upon a story of Abraham Lincoln and a girl—a story that should be broadcast to all the world. Yet it is a story seldom told and never printed—so far as I know.

It is contained in a few yellowed scraps of ruled paper preserved in the archives of the Lincoln National Life Foundation at Fort Wayne, Indiana, which maintains a most complete library and museum of Lincolniana.

The room is lined with books. Medals, stamps, and relics are displayed in glass cases. Around the walls are framed photographs of Lincoln, including the one that gives him a Semitic look, and the one that portrays him as an Oriental.

It is a huge room, well lighted, clinically clean. One instinctively removes his hat on entering. One cannot help but speak in a whisper when he talks. The atmosphere is academic, hushed.

Dr. Louis A. Warren, the curator, and editor of Lincoln Lore, greeted me with great courtesy. "You are now," he said, "in a room that contains more books about any one man, outside the Bible, than any other room in the world."

I felt strange, out of place. Whenever I had heard the name Lincoln I had imagined humble surroundings, old-fashioned furniture, warmth, mellowness, men listening in awe or roaring with laughter, men who chawed tobacco or smoked big black cigars.

And here he was, tabbed and ticketed and catalogued, arranged in neat cases and steel filing cabinets.

And then, as I was glancing through an album full of documents signed by him, my eye fell on this:

> To the Honorable Abraham Lincoln,
> President of U. S. A.
> Hon. Sir.

It was a letter, pasted together and protected with transparencies. I read it through. It was from a girl—"Miss C. N." She had signed only her initials. Some girl in Washington County, Pennsylvania—Charlotte, or Carol, or Cassie, or Celia, or maybe it was Cynthia—dead now, no doubt, and long since ceased to weep.

This was the sort of story I had come for. I sat down and read the letter again and again.

And the room wasn't austere, precise, and systematic now. There wasn't any room. There was a dusty road, and blue troops marching down it, boys blowing bugles and beating drums, horses prancing, pennons flying, artillery wheels rumbling over the stones, ladies and girls in hoop skirts watching the 140th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers start on its way to glory.

And there was Cynthia—or was it Clara or Catharine or Claudia I saw?—running after the marching men, calling a name I couldn't hear, calling: "Come back, come back!"

Was she blonde or brunette, Quakeress, Pennsylvania Dutch, or old Colonial stock? Was she plain or pretty, delicate or plump, pink-cheeked or pale? All I know is that she loved a boy and he was marching away to war.

> After a long hesitation through dread and fear I have at last concluded to inform you of my troubles [she wrote to the man in the White House]. In order to make the case clear it is necessary to give you a brief history connected with myself and would-be husband. We have been engaged for several years. In July, 1863, he was taken to a hospital sick, and at about the first of October, 1863, he had recovered—

Had he seen Bull Run? How often had he heard the Rebel yell? Was he cavalryman, artillerist, or common infantryman? Had he been wounded at all? Had he won any medals for bravery in action, any citations?

There was no way of telling, since the girl gave but his initials.

He had been two years at war, and he was sick and invalided north, to Baltimore.

> And while waiting to be sent to his regiment [the letter continued] he had a chance with his fellow Key Stone soldiers to return home to attend the election. Here allow me to state that he did not forget our Curtin [A. G. Curtin].

A fine brave figure of a man, with a sharpshooter's medal on his chest, maybe, and tales of skirmishes and battles. And the town hung with bunting for him and his comrades, and the ladies serving dinner tables filled with fried chicken and young roast pork and turkeys and home-baked pies and cakes, and flagons of cider and beer and elderberry wine, and such coffee as only mothers can make, and fruits and nuts and all the fresh yield of the farms.

And there would be walks in the moonlight, after the voting was done, and talks that had nothing to do with war, and there would be kisses asked and granted, and tears—bitter tears—and a second going away, more bitter than the first.

> It was our design to marry while he was at home [she wrote], and under those determinations we very foolishly indulged too freely in matrimonial affairs, and at last our union was defeated by my father.

A farmer, perhaps. A stern hard-bitten old man with whiskers down to here. Why does he object to the boy? We don't know. Maybe he thinks his daughter still too young for marriage. Maybe he's chosen another man, a sensible man who has stayed at home and tended his crops, a man who'll make something of himself some day. Romance? Bah! What does a girl know about romance? Stuff and nonsense! Cynthia will do as she's told, and thank her father for it some day.

> In consequence of him, he was forced to return to the army a single man.

He goes with his pals—a handful of them—without martial music, without cheering crowds, with only a few weeping women bidding them Godspeed. And Cynthia hurries to her room and weeps in terror and despair.

> The result of our indulgences are going to bring upon us both an unlawful family, providing you do not take mercy upon us and grant him a leave of absence in order to ratify past events.

She is writing, doubtless, in the privacy of her room. The door is locked. The shades have been pulled down. A footstep on the stair will make her tremble. Nobody knows.

Nobody must know—nobody but Lincoln!

> I hope and pray to God that you may not cast me aside in scorn and dismay. Remember that I have a father and mother and a wide circle of friends, and if we cannot remedy past events I only pray that death may be my portion at any early period of time.

The weary man in the White House who reads the letter is troubled with many things. Grant is in Virginia, fighting a war of attrition, flinging men by the thousands against the Rebel guns—calling for more men, more and ever more. Sheridan is in the Shenandoah—calling for men. Sherman is in the deep South, preparing for the march through Georgia—calling for men, more men.

Congress is antagonistic. The Cabinet disagrees with him. The people deride and condemn him for the Southern victories, for his obstinate championing of Grant.

Everything seems to be going badly. Nothing ever seems to come right. The news from the fronts, even after Gettysburg, has been doubtful at best.

And here's a silly girl from Washington County, Pennsylvania, weeping about her young man!

a Frightened Girl

How a Faded Letter Brought to Life a Drama Out of the Past—A Tale of the Great Emancipator Which May Never Before Have Been Told

by EDWARD DOHERTY

> Allow him time, if it will be thy will [she begs], to remove me to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to reside during his stay in the army.

"If it will be thy will"! Surely she must be of Quaker origin?

> Dear sir, I can only ask—and it is in your power to grant my request. May God soften your heart if need be.

Ah, Cynthia—that heart is the softest that ever beat in the White House! God softened it long before you wrote him.

> May you view the subject as a serious one connected with me. The soldier that I speak of is A. D. G., private in Co. —— of the 140th Regiment, P. vol. The said regiment is in the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 2nd Army corps, Army of the Potomac.

It is serious to her, of course—more serious than the war, the fate of the nation, the fate of the whole world.

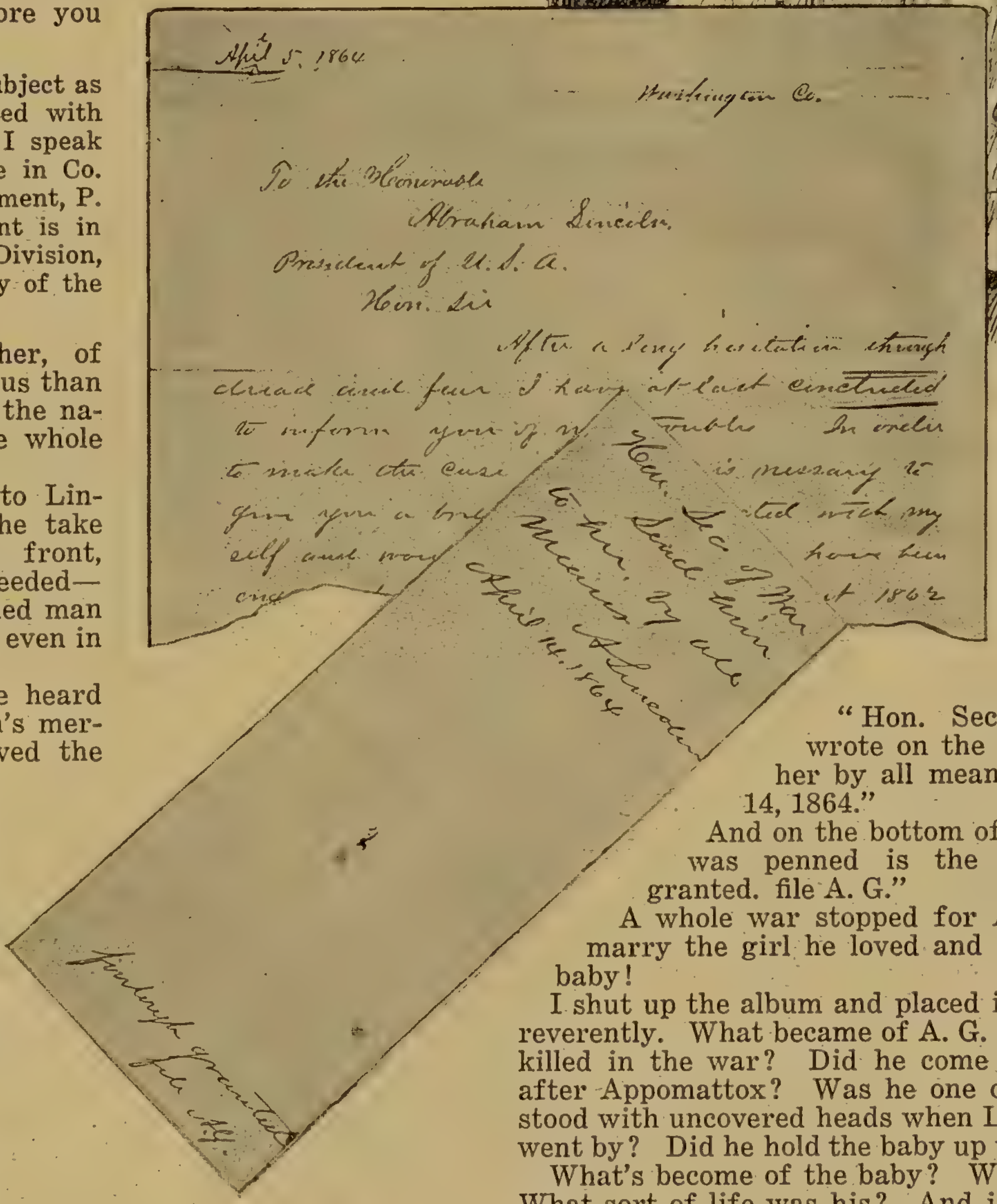
But is it serious to Lincoln? Why should he take a soldier from the front, where every man is needed—especially every trained man—to console a woman even in sore need?

Cynthia must have heard the stories of Lincoln's mercies—how he reprieved the young sentinel sentenced to be shot because he fell asleep on duty; the drummer boy who deserted and was merely ordered spanked; "If you haven't shot D—— yet, don't"; "Let this woman have her boy."

> It may seem strange to you that I have taken this correspondence upon myself as it would be more reasonable for him to perform this duty. I answer this, he says that they have orders prohibiting any correspondence with those in authority at the seat of government for furloughs. I will close, leaving all to your decision and remaining your obedient servant. Miss C. N.

I looked at the date of the letter again—April 5, 1864.

I looked at Lincoln's indorsement on the back of it. That was dated April 14, 1864, just a year to the day he was shot.



April 5, 1864

Washington Co.

To the Honorable
Abraham Lincoln,
President of U. S. A.
Hon. Sir

After a long hesitation through dread and fear I have at last concluded to inform you of my trouble In order to make the case is necessary to give you a brief ted with my self and have been t 1862

Hon. Sec. of War
Send him
to her by all
means
A. Lincoln
April 14. 1864

furlough granted
file A. G.

The beginning of the girl's letter to Lincoln. Below: His indorsement on the back of it and the notation, 'Furlough granted.'

"Hon. Sec. of War," Lincoln wrote on the back. "Send him to her by all means. A. Lincoln, April 14, 1864."

And on the bottom of the sheet where this was penned is the notation, "furlough granted. file A. G."

A whole war stopped for A. G., that he might marry the girl he loved and give his name to her baby!

I shut up the album and placed it back on the shelf—reverently. What became of A. G. in later life? Was he killed in the war? Did he come back to Philadelphia after Appomattox? Was he one of those millions who stood with uncovered heads when Lincoln's funeral train went by? Did he hold the baby up to see that train?

What's become of the baby? Was it a boy or a girl? What sort of life was his? And is he living now? He would be only seventy or so. He may have grandchildren—even great-grandchildren. Has he ever told them the story of his parents' romance—or did he ever hear it?

Dr. Warren came to me. "I hope you found a story."

I shook his hand hard. "You bet I did!" I said.

And the room wasn't large any more, nor at all museum-like. It was just a comfortable library full of stories about Abe Lincoln—and Abe was still alive. I wouldn't have been surprised to see him come in through the door any minute, stooping a little as he came.

THE END

AN *Awfully* GOOD GUY

A Story Which Shows There Are More Ways than One of Learning the Truth About Love

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

by HAGAR WILDE

ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD DENISON

THE big car hurtled through space and turned over on its side in the ditch. Enoch Carpenter kicked his way out of the driver's seat and said, " Are you hurt? "

The blonde girl was moaning loudly. Noch crawled in and tried to get hold of her. " Here," he said; " take hold of my shoulders."

At least, he thought as he tugged, her arms were not broken. He hauled her out and carried her up the embankment.

There was a cut on one side of her face and the sheer stockings were stained with blood. She moaned and kept feeling her face. " I'll have a scar—I'll have a scar! "

" Wait a minute," Noch said. With quick seeing hands he felt for broken bones. Her moaning didn't change in tone. There were merely lacerations of one leg and the cut on her face.

Suddenly she screamed, as though she'd just realized they'd been in an accident. Noch said, " Don't, Alyce. Can you stand up? "

She plunged and threshed as he tried to lift her to her feet and kept right on screaming at the top of her voice. Noch was perspiring and he felt a little sick from the excitement and thinking of Jiggs and a hell of a lot of things. So he said, " Don't, Alyce—please, please don't! You're all right," and tried to set her on her feet.

She hung there against him, lurching and sobbing, and quite irrelevantly he thought, " Breeding comes out at a time like this."

A flashlight split the darkness and a shadowy figure behind it said, " In trouble? "

" Yes, sir," Noch said. " It's all right, though. We're not hurt."

The man, a farmer, came sloughing down the top grade of the road through the side gravel and took Alyce's other arm. " Heard the lady screaming up at the house," he said. " We'd better get her up where my wife can tend to her."

They hauled her up the incline to the little farmhouse, and a rawboned woman came to the door, peered into the darkness. " I've called the doctor," she said. " Bring her in."

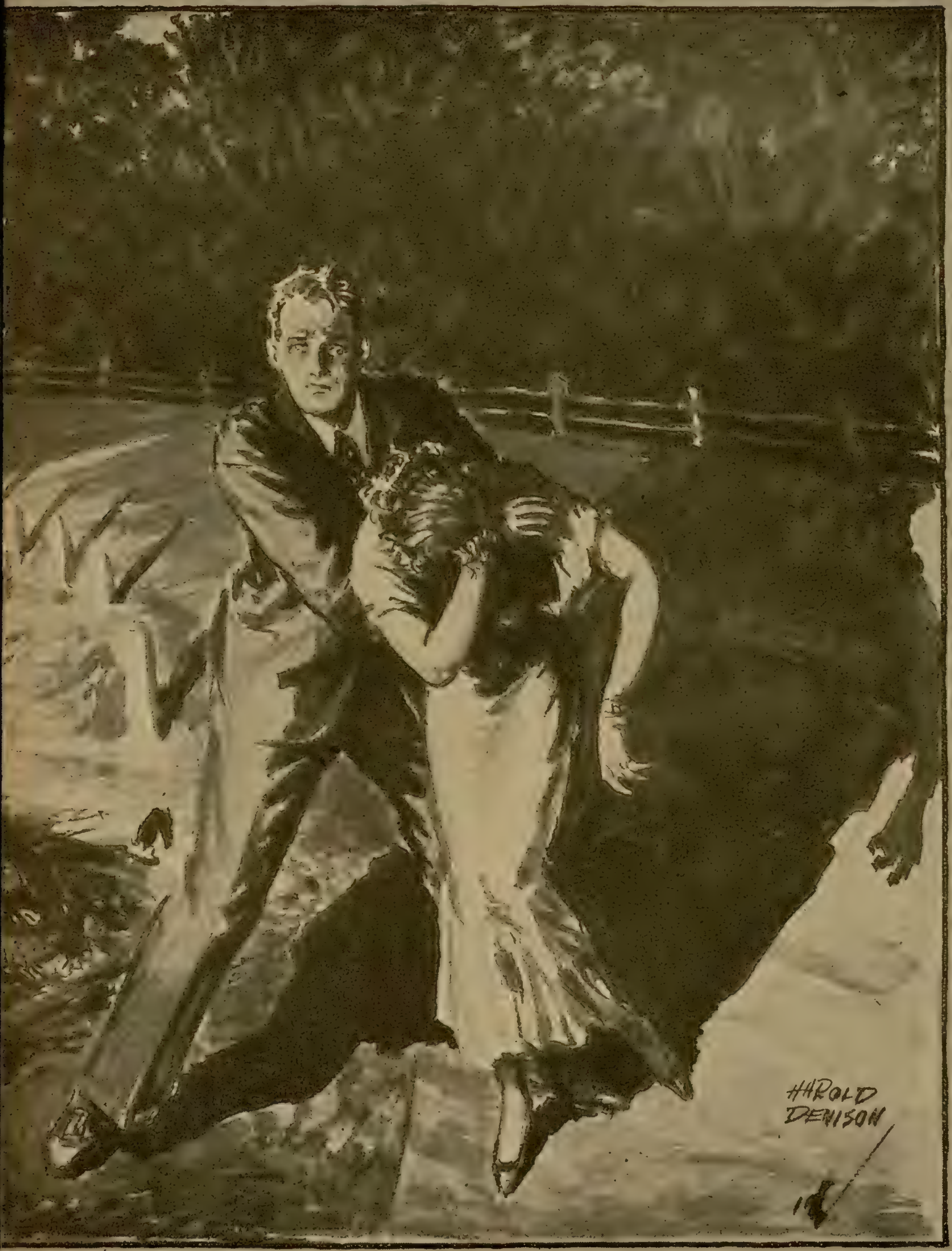
Alyce was carried into the house and put on the bed in the front room. The woman put the two men out of the room, and the farmer lit a lamp and put it on the living-room table.

" Hope there isn't anything serious," he said.

" I hope so too," Noch said. He knew there wasn't, and he was feeling sicker than ever. " Have you any brandy or whisky in the house? "

" Some applejack," the man said, and went to get it. When he came back with it, the woman had come out of the bedroom. She said, " She's just cut a little. Her face, and one place on her leg. She's wrought up, that's all."

Noch drank the applejack and thought, " Wrought up, that's all. And that's enough! I've been a rotten fool." And he sat down holding the bottle of applejack in his two hands. " What doctor did you call? " he said.



She hung there against him. A flashlight split the darkness and a shadowy figure behind it said, "In trouble?"

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"Dr. Bedford. He's closest," said the woman.

Noch nodded. Bedford. Jiggs's cousin. That guy hated him. He'd been afraid it would be Bedford, and hoped against hope that it wasn't, but in his heart he'd known it would be. He'd known! The woman passed through the living room into the kitchen and came back with a basin of hot water and a cloth. "I'll be back in a minute," she said. "You drink some more of that there, young man. You're looking pretty white."

"I'm all right," Noch said. "Thanks. It's the excitement, I guess."

"Sure," the farmer said. He got a glass and put it down on the table. "I'm kind of excited too," he said. "Guess I'll have some of that."

"Don't you get too excited," the woman said dryly, and went on into the bedroom. So the farmer and Noch had a drink together, and Noch kept thinking: "This'll be it. I've gone too far." And he wanted to curse and kick something, but he just sat there and thought about Jiggs and how sweet she was and how decent, and what a damned fool he was, and how he wouldn't blame her, no matter what she said to him or what she did, because she'd warned him before.

Bedford's car purred up into the drive and they heard the car door slam. Noch put the applejack down and went to the window, ran his hands through his dark hair.

The farmer let Dr. Bedford in, and Bedford put his black doctor's bag on the table and stood looking at Enoch. "Hello, Noch," he said.

"Hello," Noch said.

"That your car in the ditch?"

Enoch nodded. Bedford said, "It's pretty well messed up."

"We hit with a hell of a jolt," Enoch said.

"Somebody with you?"

Enoch gestured toward the bedroom. Bedford said, "You hurt?"

"No," Noch said.

THE farmer said, "Right this way, doctor," and opened the bedroom door. He came back into the room and picked up the applejack bottle, poured himself a drink. Then he said, "Pretty girl."

"Yes," Noch said.

"Your wife?"

"No," said Noch.

"I didn't see any wedding ring," the farmer said, "so I figured she was your sweetheart."

Enoch winced. "She's just a girl I know," he said.

"Oh," the farmer said. "Well—she's pretty."

Funny how one's mind bobbed around at a time like this. When the man said that, Enoch thought, "Jiggs is prettier. She's a lot prettier. What the hell's the matter with me?"

"Live around here?" the man said.

"I've a house about two miles down," said Noch.

"Oh, yeah," the man said. "Well, she can stay here."

"That's nice of you," Noch said. "If she can't travel tonight, I'd like it if she could stay here. Then I'd drive her in to New York tomorrow."

"You can't drive that car," the farmer said. "Not for a week or so, and maybe not then."

"I've another one," said Noch. "I'll use that."

He could see that the farmer was looking at him and thinking, "Rich." The man's attitude became almost imperceptibly more deferential.

Bedford came out snapping the locks of the bag. He said, "She's all right. Do you want to go in?"

"Ought I?" Noch said. "Wouldn't it be better if she—rested?"

"It's up to you," said Bedford. "I thought you might want to."

"Thanks," Noch said.

He might as well. Everything was as bad as it could be, and it wasn't the poor kid's fault. There was nothing to be gained by making her think he didn't care how she came out of it.

He went in and stood over the bed. "How is it now?" he said.

The blonde girl looked up and said, "The doctor says I won't have a scar."

"That's good," Noch said.

SHE was a show girl and it mattered whether she had a scar or didn't. It mattered a lot to her. Noch was really glad for her sake that she wouldn't have one. It mattered to all women, he supposed, but not so much to a woman who didn't make her living by her face.

"Gee, I was scared stiff!" Alyce said.

"I know you were. You're going to spend the night here. I'll come over in the morning and drive you to New York. You'll be able to travel by tomorrow."

"I have to travel," she said. "I have a show tomorrow. I don't know what I'll do about this cut on my face."

"We'll fix it someway," said Noch. He patted her hand where it lay on the coverlet, and noticed with an inward revulsion the blood-red and clawlike fingernails. They probably showed off to better advantage from the front and that's why she wore them.

"You're an awfully nice guy, Noch," Alyce said.

"Sure," Noch said. "I'm the prince of the world."

"I know a lot of girls that think so," she said.

"You get some rest. I'll see you in the morning. Is there anything I can bring you when I come?"

"Some lipstick and powder," she said. "I don't know where my vanity got to."

"All right; I'll bring it along," he said. "Good night."

"Good night," she said. He closed the door.

Bedford was waiting outside. He had refused a drink of the farmer's applejack. He said, "I'll give you a lift, Noch."

"Thanks." Noch said to the farmer, "You've been swell, you and your wife. I hardly know how to thank you."

"Oh, that's all right," the man said awkwardly, and stood up.

The woman said, "Don't mention it," and Noch passed out into the darkness, following Bedford, who had started for the car.

The farmer said to his wife, "He's a nice fellow."

"He's a gentleman," his wife said.

She'd often thought about gentlemen and how they treated ladies, and how some men were gentlemen before they were married and not after, the way they didn't get up to get you things after they were married, or offer you a soda after they took you to the movies nights, the way they had before. But she loved her husband, and whenever she thought of those things she thought, "Probably I do some things I didn't before I married him and probably I don't do some of the things I did, and it isn't every man who's a good provider the way he is," and that made her content.

IN the car Bedford said, "Well, Noch?"

"Well?" Noch said.

"Why can't you let these trollops alone?"

Noch said, "She's not a trollop." His voice was even and hard. He hated Bedford's mind.

"Show girl, isn't she?"

"It doesn't necessarily follow that she's a trollop," Noch said. "She's just a nice kid."

He could feel that Bedford's mouth was drawing into a sneer. He said, "Look here; I don't want to discuss this thing with you. What time is it?"

"One thirty."

"Would you drop me by at Jiggs's?"

"At one thirty?"

"I have to see her," Noch said. "I can wake her from outside. I won't disturb anybody."

Bedford stopped at Jiggs's house and drove away, leaving Noch standing there in the dark alone. He went around to one of the side windows and pulled himself up on to the sill. "Jiggs!" he said softly into the darkness. He saw the slight figure in the bed stir and then sit bolt upright with a start. Noch said, "Don't be afraid, darling; it's I."

"Noch?" Jiggs pushed her dark hair back uncertainly and leaned forward, peering at the window.

"I have to talk to you. Could you slip into something and come down on the porch?"

"Right away," Jiggs said. He slid down from the window and went around to the porch, sat there and smoked a cigarette. That was Jiggs's way. "Right away," she'd say, not asking any questions or grabbing the sheet up around her neck or jumping and squealing before she thought.

Presently the front door opened and Jiggs came out quietly, wrapped in a little dark robe. She sat down beside him on the step and held out her hand. "Give me one," she said. He gave her a cigarette and lit it for her. In the match light he could see her little heart-shaped face and the big eyes. She had run a comb hastily through her hair and it lay now in its accustomed soft even waves.

"What's up?" she said.

"I'm in a jam," Noch said. "I had to come and talk to you."

Jiggs's voice was very quiet. She knew what was coming. She said, "What's happened?"

"I had an accident down on the main road," Noch said.

"Were you hurt?"

"No. I had a girl with me, Jiggs."

"Was she hurt?" Jiggs said.

"No. Cut a little."

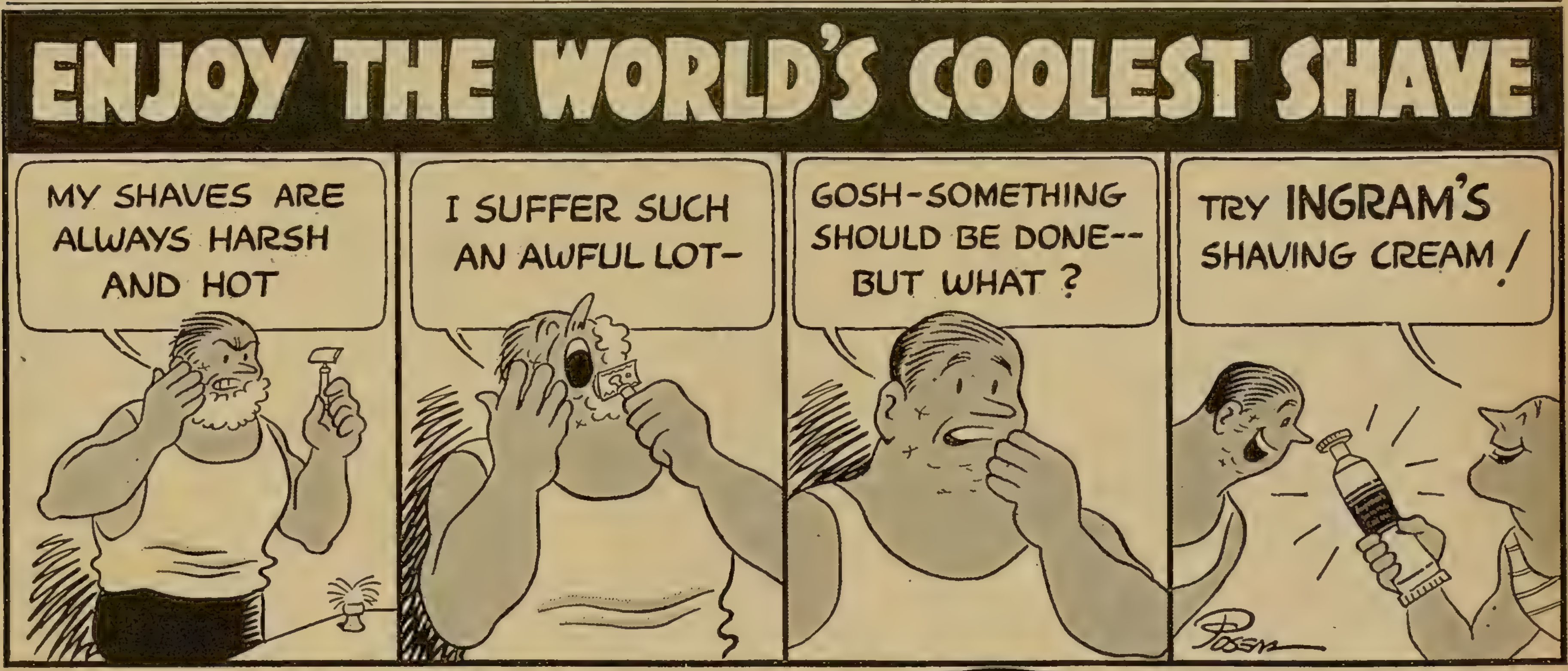
Jiggs was quiet for a long while. He just waited until she was ready to talk. Finally she said, "Oh, Noch, this is too bad of you, really." She threw the cigarette into the driveway, and it lay there, a bright coal in the darkness.

"I know it," Noch said.

"The week before we were to be married," Jiggs said.

He was grateful to her because her voice didn't shake or change. He said, "*Were*, Jiggs?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's in the past tense."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Her life and his were being split there in that moment, and she was as steady and as decent and unable to rant at him as though he'd said, "It's apt to rain tomorrow," and she had answered that it was.

Noch said, "I'd hoped it needn't be that way."

"Darling," Jiggs said, "how else can it be? Over and over we've had this. Last time I told you—and—and—well, here it is again."

"They've never meant anything," Noch said. "Nobody has ever meant anything but you, Jiggs. You know that."

"I know it," she said; "and that's one reason why it has to be this way. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad at first. But we'd be middle-aged some day, and then it would be furtive and dirty—and you'd meet my friends places, and they'd avoid telling me they'd seen you, and they'd pity me. Oh, Noch, can't you see how it would be? It's in your blood. You can't resist a pretty face. As the years went on you'd be—just a chaser."

"Oh, please!" Noch said. "Don't use that word!"

"I have to," she said. "I might better use it now than to wait."

He put his face in his hands. "I decided," he said, "when I started up here, that no matter what you said or what you decided, I wouldn't kick. And I won't. But I want you to know it's like the end of the world to me, Jiggs."

"It is to me, too," she said.

"You can't understand and reconsider?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "You can see how I can't."

"Kiss me good night, Jiggs?"

SHE lifted her face to him and he saw the tears in her eyes. He kissed her and put his face in her hair, and went off down the driveway not daring to look back because he knew that she was standing there crying quite silently and quite decently, the way she did everything.

The next day he drove Alyce down to New York and took her to a doctor to get her face fixed someway so that she could be in line that night not looking as though she'd been in a brawl.

He spent the day with her at her apartment and had a few drinks and took her to the theater in time for the show. When he let her out of the car, Alyce said, "Will I see you later?"

"I don't think so," Noch said. "I think I'll pack into a hotel and go to bed. Hope your leg won't hurt too much, with the bandage and all."

"I'm glad I'm wearing a long dress," Alyce said. "At least it won't show."

NOCH checked in at a midtown hotel, and sat up all night just looking out of the window, and crying when the emptiness got to be too much to bear. There wasn't anything to be done—that was the worst of it. He just had to sit and take it, because nobody kicks about punishment when it's coming to him, and he'd had it coming and he hated himself. He thought, "If Alyce hadn't screamed that way—" but then checked himself. It wouldn't have made any difference in the thing itself.

His life was a queer one-sided thing after that. With Jiggs gone, a prop seemed to have been removed. It was as though his existence, the things he did, the things he thought, were suspended in space, not anchored to anything. Sometimes he thought: "That was it. I was making her anchor me, making her the mooring of me. I could always tug at the rope and feel it solid. That was rotten!" And yet, rotten as he felt about it, he was realist enough to say to himself in a puzzled way that, while it should have been different, it couldn't have, really.

They saw each other around occasionally, and the days that followed those times were the worst. She'd be so vivid in his mind, and everything else would be unreal except the tremendous ache within him.

The moments that he spent in a room with her, even with a pack of people milling around, were the only moments that he felt safe and secure. He'd listen for her voice talking to somebody else, think of excuses to wander over and talk with her. But he never asked her to reconsider, and she never gave any indication that she would reconsider if he asked her.

People were rather careful about

PAINTING THE LAMPPOSTS

By F. Gregory Hartswick

During a recent wave of civic improvement a contract was let to two men to paint the lampposts along a certain street. It happened that there was the same number of posts on each side of the street, and the contract was let accordingly—one man to paint the posts on the east side, the other to take care of those on the west side.

Mike, who was an early riser, arrived on the scene first and had painted three posts on the east side before Pat arrived. Pat immediately pointed out that Mike's contract called for the west side, not the east. Mike thereupon started over again on the west, while Pat went on with the work on the east. When Pat had finished his side he went across the street and painted six posts for Mike. (It is obvious that no inspector for the Lamppost Painters' Union was on the job.) This magnanimous act of Pat's finished the job.

The question is, which man painted the greater number of lampposts—and how many more did he paint than the other? It isn't quite so obvious as it sounds.

The answer will be found on page 49

inviting them to the same parties, in the way that people avoid mentioning a recent death, skirt an unpleasant incident in conversation.

Months went by—months during which he found himself wondering with a kind of inward horror at life, which in all its surface aspects does not change. Empty of everything, one eats, one sleeps, one drinks, one compliments girls and kisses them as though nothing has happened. And yet something has.

It was at the end of that monotonous marching of months that somebody said to him at a party, " I hear Jiggs Martin is being married next month."

Noch said, " What? "

" Weren't you two going around some while ago? You and Jiggs Martin, I mean."

Noch's breath caught in his throat. He said, " Yes. Did you say she was being married? "

" Look here," the man said. " What's wrong? You're like a ghost."

" I'm feeling rather odd," Noch said. " Excuse me, will you? I guess I need air. Filthy lot of smoke in the room." And he escaped.

He went outside and stood in the dark of the veranda. A couple sitting near by in a hooded porch chair separated with a start and Noch said unsteadily, " Sorry; I didn't know anybody was out here."

They got up and came toward him, going to the square patch of light thrown through the French doors. It was Freddy Barker and a girl Noch didn't know. Freddy looked at him queerly and then said, " That's all right."

Noch stood there looking out across the dark lawn. It hadn't occurred to him that Jiggs could ever marry anybody but himself. But of course that was silly. Naturally she'd marry. He felt giddy at the thought and rubbed his hand over his face. There were tears on it when he brought it away, and he thought: " I'm crying. That's a damned silly thing to do. Of course she meant to marry somebody sometime. I should have been prepared for it."

BUT he realized with a quick hard shock that way down somewhere in his mind he had hoped that it would all come right for himself and Jiggs. He thought: " Is it possible that she loves him? That she can have stopped loving me? " And he couldn't see how that could have happened. But she must love the man. A girl like Jiggs wouldn't marry without loving the man— Who *was* the man? Noch couldn't even put a name or a form to this man who was marrying into his, Noch's, life. Because he'd never be able to think of Jiggs again without thinking of this man.

He felt an urgency to talk to her, hear her voice. He went back into the house and up to the second floor where there was a telephone in the library. He called her, and when she came to the telephone he had a moment of panic.

" Jiggs," he said, " this is Noch."

" Oh, darling," Jiggs said, " how are you? "

Noch said, " I'm fine. Jiggs, I hear you're to be married."

" Oh," she said, " I was writing you. I'm sorry you heard it from somebody else."

" That's all right." He felt silly, and weak in the knees. " I—I hope you're going to be very happy."

" Thank you, Noch," she said.

" We must lunch together some day next week," Noch said.

" I'd love it. When? "

" Oh—Wednesday, say? I'll drive over for you at twelve thirty."

" Grand," Jiggs said.

Just before he hung up Noch said, " Oh, say, Jiggs—I don't even know his name."

Jiggs said, " Oh, I took it for granted you knew. It's Fred Barker. You know him, don't you? "

Noch said, " Yes, I know him. Why —why, yes, I do know him."

" I'll see you Wednesday at twelve thirty, darling," Jiggs said.

He mumbled, " Twelve thirty," and hung up and stood there, getting sicker and sicker and more puzzled inside.

FREDDY BARKER. It couldn't be the same Freddy Barker. But it was—it must be! The man who changed his conversation radically when he was with men, a locker-room dirty-story sort. For the first time Noch was seeing Freddy Barker from the outside. Always before he'd looked at the inside of the man and had hated him for what he saw.

Outwardly the man was handsome. He was tall, broad-shouldered. He played a good game of golf and belonged to the right clubs. He had money. Noch thought with sudden wonder, " That's what she thought I was—what Barker really is. Oh, my God, how awful! "

And he went home. He knew things about Barker that made it impossible for him to think of Jiggs being Barker's wife.

Wife. What a horrible word! He didn't sleep that night for thinking about it.

When he brought Jiggs over for lunch the following Wednesday, they talked much as they had always talked, except that he didn't take her hand at intervals and say, " I love you," and Jiggs didn't answer, " I love you too, darling." He missed doing that and seeing her face light up. All week he'd been thinking of her married to Freddy Barker. He said at lunch, " Jiggs, are you—fond of him? "

And she said, " Why, darling, of course I'm fond of him! " And there it was. He was numb with misery and confusion.

The following week end he was at the Oceanside Club, having a drink at the bar. Barker came through and said, " Hi, Carpenter."

" Howdy," Noch said. Barker went on out and upstairs.

Noch finished his drink and went

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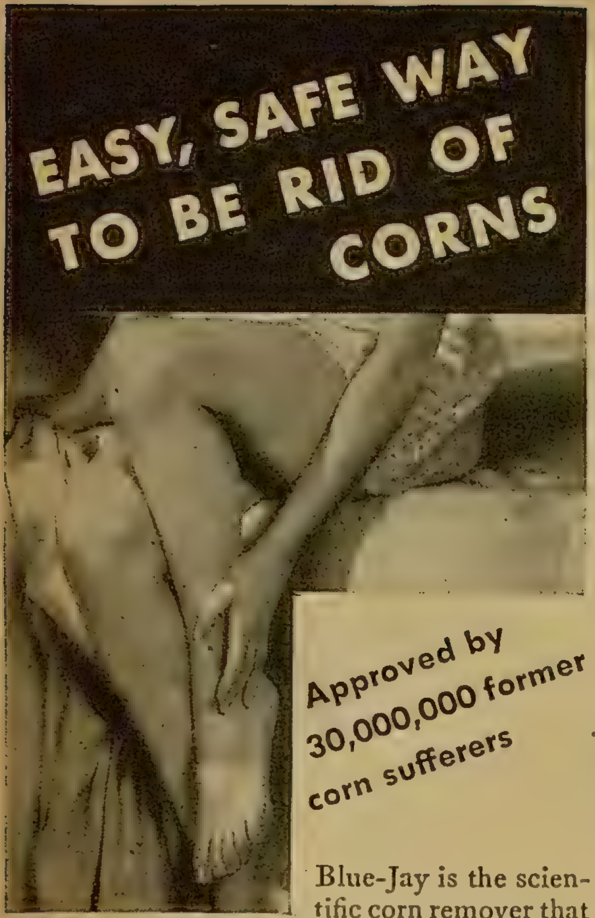
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up to his room to change for golf. Passing 428 he heard a girl laughing and thought, " That's Barker's room." He stopped suddenly. Barker was in the room too. He could hear him talking and laughing. Noch said, " Oh, hell! " and went into his own room. He sat on the edge of the bed and thought about it. Picking up his telephone he called 428. Barker's voice was thick. He said, " Who is it? "

" It's Noch Carpenter," Noch said. " I wondered if you'd like a round of golf."

" I went out this morning," Barker said.

" Oh." Noch waited, thinking. Then he said, " Look here. I wonder if you'd step down and see me? I'm in 460."

BARKER came in after a few minutes. He was in his shirt sleeves and had a glass in his hand. Noch had changed into flannels. He said, " I don't want you to think I'm putting my neck out, but I hate to see you doing this sort of thing, Barker."

" Oh, see here," Barker said. " *You're* not going to pull the high and mighty on *me*, are you? "

Noch said, " No—God, no! But after all, Jiggs isn't the sort a chap can take over the jumps this way. I mean, it just isn't right."

" You're finding it out pretty late, aren't you? "

" That's right," Noch said. If he'd been in Barker's shoes, he thought, he'd have been decent about the thing.

Barker said, " I'm smarter than you are. I don't tell all my business."

" But Jiggs is so sweet," Noch said. " And it hurts her so."

" I just told you," said Barker, " she can't be hurt if she doesn't find it out, can she? "

" No, of course not," Noch said. " But how do you know—"

" She went over to Marjorie Knapp's for the week end."

Noch said, " What I was going to say was, ' How do you know I won't tell her? ' "

" You're not that sort," Barker said.

" No, I'm not," Noch said; " but what I want to know is how you knew it? "

" Guessed," Barker said. He finished his drink. " Look," he said. " You mean well, but don't get into a stew about my affairs. I'll handle them."

" Sure," Noch said. " But I don't want Jiggs hurt. I—you see, I still love her."

" That's tough," Barker said, " but I guess things are between Jiggs and me now. I'm in favor of marriage, but I don't think I'd deliberately go into jail."

Noch said, " You see, I wouldn't be talking this way if I didn't—if I hadn't come a cropper the same way."

" You just talked yourself out of an engagement," Barker said. " You told her everything, and you were kind of batty, that's all." He went to the door and put his hand on the knob. " Come in for a drink before dinner," he said.

" Thanks," Noch said; " but—well, I guess I won't."

Barker shrugged and said, " Hope you have a nice game."

" Thanks," Noch said.

He got some tees from his kit bag and put them into his pocket and went downstairs. As he came down, Jiggs was going to the desk. He started toward her, heard her say, " Is Mr. Barker on the course? "

" No, he isn't, Miss Martin," the attendant said.

Noch said, " Hello, Jiggs. I thought you were over at Marjorie's." He thought, " I couldn't stand seeing it. I couldn't stand seeing her eyes."

She said, " Marjorie's mother was taken to the hospital this morning for an operation, so I didn't go. Freddy told me he was going to spend the week end here."

Noch thought, " That's how smart he is. So if she called him from Marjorie's he could talk to her and lie like the devil about being lonesome."

He said, " I saw Freddy going off toward town."

" His car's in the garage," she said; " maybe he's back."

" No, he just left," Noch said. " In somebody else's car. I didn't know the fellow."

" Oh." She looked awfully at a loose end.

Noch said, " Are your clubs here? "

Jiggs nodded. Noch said, " Come out with me, then."

" All right, darling," she said.

He couldn't tell the clerk in front of her to get the girl out of Barker's room, and he couldn't call the room and tell Barker, because the room telephones were right out in the open. He just hoped against hope that when they came back something would have happened or he'd be able to straighten it out. After that he'd have to figure some way to make Jiggs see that it was wrong and impossible.

THEY played around and got back to the last green at four thirty. Noch kept thinking, " She'll go and wash up and I can call Barker while she's gone."

But when they got to the clubhouse she said, " I'm parched: I have to have a drink of something before I can *move*," and he had to take her into the bar. They started through the lobby, and he saw her stop suddenly. Barker was coming downstairs and the girl was hugging his arm. They both looked tight. Noch just closed his eyes and swallowed hard.

He heard Jiggs say, " Hello, Freddy."

Freddy said, " You rotten skunk, you called her! "

" No, I didn't," Noch said.

Jiggs's hand came up and hooked tight and hard into his upper arm. He held it close, trying to give her the support she needed. Her voice was very steady. She said, " Noch and I were just going in to have a drink. Won't you and the young lady join us? "

Noch thought, "It's over." A wave of relief went through him.

Freddy said, "Oh, look here, Jiggs. Let's take a drive and talk this over."

"What is there to talk over?" Jiggs said. "An invitation to have a drink with us?"

"If it's that way—" Freddy said.

Jiggs said, "It's that way," and drew Noch toward the door.

He kept holding her hand and praying that she wouldn't take it away.

She didn't. They sat down, and she said after a while, "It was decent of you to—not to let me go up. Thanks."

Noch said, "I didn't want to see you hurt again."

Jiggs said, "It's funny, but it didn't really hurt."

"Jiggs," he said, "would you take a chance on me again?"

"Would it be such a chance?" she said, low-voiced.

"It always is," Noch said soberly.

"With everybody, I guess," she said then.

"I guess so."

She looked at him and smiled. Noch said, "Jiggs, it's been awful!"

Jiggs said, "Maybe it's less of a chance with some, though."

Noch ordered a highball and a glass of ginger beer. He said, "Had it occurred to you that I might not want to take another chance?"

"On me?" she said.

"On not having you," he answered.

"I suppose that makes it safer," Jiggs said. "And maybe it shouldn't be too safe."

Suddenly Noch felt moored again and safe, and he wanted to get out of the bar and be alone with her and forget all the months he'd been floating through space and not alive.

THE END

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Lee H. Bristol to Speak on Liberty Forum Broadcast on February 7

LEE H. BRISTOL, advertising expert and vice president of Bristol-Myers Company, will be Liberty's guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty broadcast over the Columbia network on Thursday, February 7.

Mr. Bristol is a leader in a number of advertising associations. He served for two years as president of the important Association of National Advertisers, and is vice president of the Advertising Club of New York. Mr. Bristol is also a director of J. G. White & Company, of the Sun Tube Corporation, of the William Peterman Company, and of the Mum Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Bristol will be introduced by Edwin C. Hill, Liberty's news commentator, while Arnold Johnson's orchestra and Edward Nell, barytone, will supply the musical program.

The broadcast will be heard at 8.30 P.M., E.S.T., over the following stations: Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX; Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.

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HITLER'S Coming

The Amazing Facts About the Secret Order for the Reichstag Fire, and Its Bloody Trail Through the "Purge" of June 30 to the Murder of Austria's Chancellor

by PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

THE whole world has been openly suspicious, but until the present time no one has revealed the inside story of the burning of the German Reichstag, the sensational "blood purge," and the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria. In this article I am going to disclose for the first time the facts surrounding those events.

Once the industrial giants headed by Thyssen had taken over the backing of Hitler, my friends among the monarchists who had financed him so heavily up to this time were required to put up no more money, since the bills were now being paid by these coal and steel barons of the Ruhr.

If some of the men among the monarchists were relieved at having the burden lifted from their shoulders, their women were not. They saw the turn events had taken. Efforts were made to pin Hitler down regarding what he intended to do about restoring the monarchy. These met with rebuffs and finally the remark that if the Hohenzollern faction made itself too obnoxious it would be crushed with the mailed fist. And this turned the monarchists into veritable furies against Hitler.

Almost on the heels of it, Hitler's utterances on matters of foreign policy, his attitude toward the Jews, and ill-timed actions and statements in connection with trade and diplomacy brought about boycotts and hesitancy over commercial relations that caused the great industrialists alarm. Like the monarchists, they began to realize, as some of them told me, that Hitler would not obey orders. He was endangering their whole industrial and commercial structure.

When I was last in Germany quite recently I learned these facts, and several of the high-born ladies who were involved in it all told me quite calmly and confidently that if Hitler continues to flout the monarchists they have certain plans to foment civil war in order to bring matters to a head.

Hitler could not have risen to power as he did without leaving weapons in the hands of those who backed him. It is well known that Thyssen and the bankers took receipts for the monies they advanced to the cause. These alone, if disclosed, would show the masses that Hitler had at least obligated himself to the industrialists. This would not sit well. There were other compromising documents of various kinds, some relating to plans for the overthrow of the government of Austria. Naturally, if the monarchists and industrialists had evidence against Hitler, he also had certain proofs that they were interested in running things to suit themselves.

That leads us up to one of the strangest events of all—the Reichstag fire. All but one of the men accused of setting that fire were able to prove complete alibis, and to do it in a Nazi court and to defy that court and openly declare themselves to be communists and what of it! One man, Van der Lubbe, a Hollander, was convicted and executed. Even the newspaper accounts admitted he was a complete blubbering idiot who was incapable of talking coherently, let alone offering testimony.

Van der Lubbe was carefully selected to be the "goat" and take the blame simply because he could not tell what had happened. He was brought into the Reichstag before the fire was set and placed on a bench until the job was done, when he was arrested and labeled a communist.

Now for the motives behind the fire. Dissension and a sullen dissatisfaction had been brewing for some time among the Storm Troops, especially among the large numbers who had been strongly communistic before Hitler won them over. Papen, who had sponsored Hitler at the behest of the monarchists, was now openly challenging him. The women of the nobility were now working in their own way to undermine him.

Prince August Wilhelm, fourth son of the Kaiser, had been a strong supporter of Hitler while the monarchists believed Hitler was with them. But now the ardent Nazis saw that things were coming to a stage where they would have trouble with both communists and monarchists. The idea of setting the Reichstag afire was conceived. The Reichstag is the symbol of the people in government, like the Congress in the United States. If it seemed that some one was menacing it, much hullabaloo could be raised to stir the people up and draw them closer to their champions, their defenders, the Nazis.

Who would menace it? The answer that was carefully passed around was, the communists. But the Nazis wanted the monarchists in on the plan, hoping to involve them and blame them and thus get rid of them. And the monarchists were willing to be in on it, hoping to use

OBST
Lebensmittel

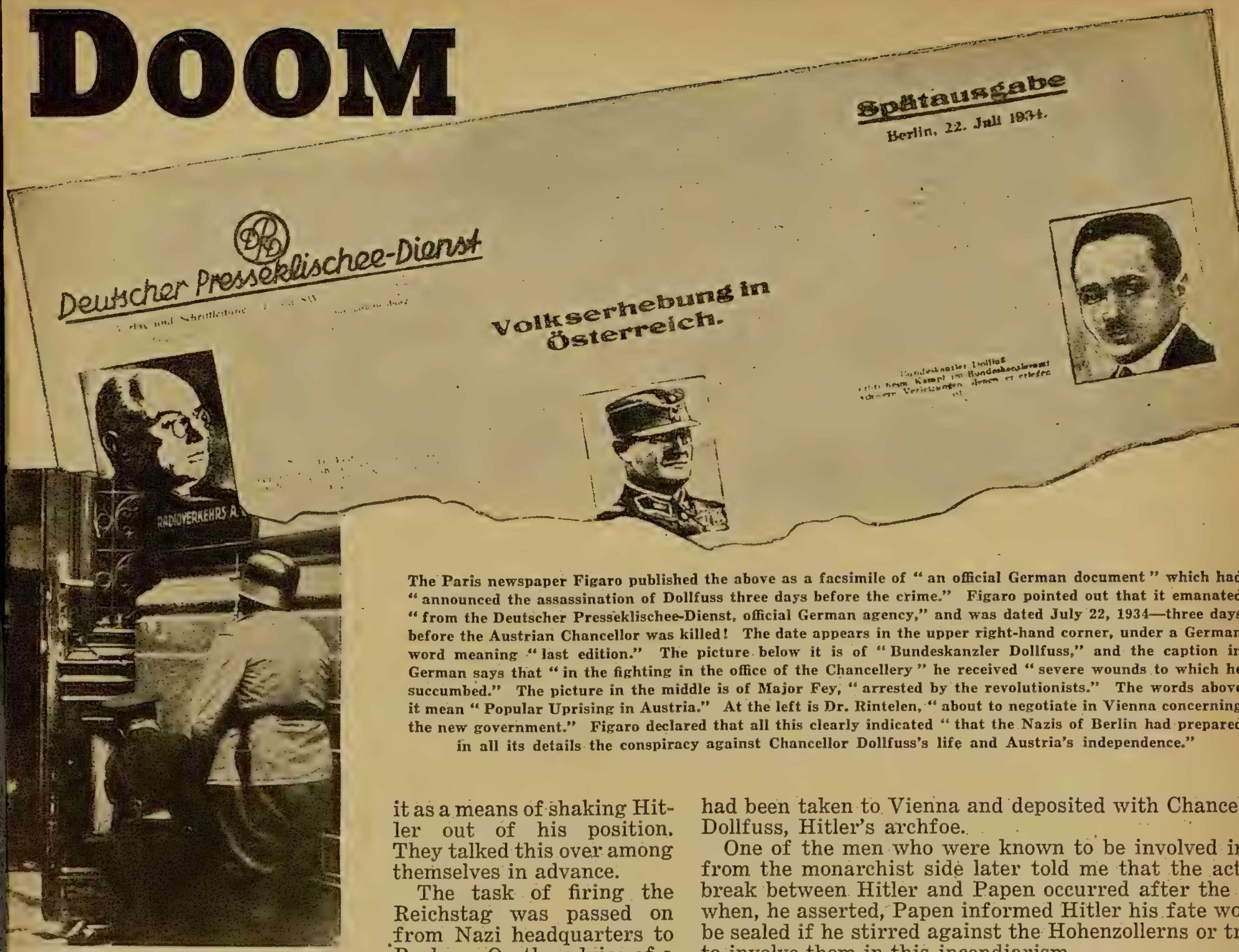
An attack upon a Vienna broadcasting station by government soldiers after Nazis seized it and broadcast that Dollfuss "had resigned."

Acme photos

DEM DEUTSCHEN VOLKE

The Reichstag fire. Did Nazis start it, intending to blame Reds or royalists?

DOOM



Spätausgabe
Berlin, 22. Juli 1934.

Deutscher Presseklischee-Dienst

Volkserhebung in Österreich.

RADIOVERKEHRS A.

The Paris newspaper Figaro published the above as a facsimile of "an official German document" which had "announced the assassination of Dollfuss three days before the crime." Figaro pointed out that it emanated "from the Deutscher Presseklischee-Dienst, official German agency," and was dated July 22, 1934—three days before the Austrian Chancellor was killed! The date appears in the upper right-hand corner, under a German word meaning "last edition." The picture below it is of "Bundeskanzler Dollfuss," and the caption in German says that "in the fighting in the office of the Chancellery" he received "severe wounds to which he succumbed." The picture in the middle is of Major Fey, "arrested by the revolutionists." The words above it mean "Popular Uprising in Austria." At the left is Dr. Rintelen, "about to negotiate in Vienna concerning the new government." Figaro declared that all this clearly indicated "that the Nazis of Berlin had prepared in all its details the conspiracy against Chancellor Dollfuss's life and Austria's independence."

it as a means of shaking Hitler out of his position. They talked this over among themselves in advance.

The task of firing the Reichstag was passed on from Nazi headquarters to Roehm. On the advice of a young Austrian count who was in Germany as an Austrian political agent, Roehm refused to do the job unless he received specific orders in writing. This confidential order actually was issued and is at the root of all the bloodshed since. Who issued it or who signed it I will not say, although this is known.

WHEN Roehm, whose devotion to Hitler had begun to cool when Hitler refused to restore the throne, received this written order he immediately notified two of the monarchist women. The order was photographed and copies given to Von Schleicher, Hitler's enemy, and to Prince August Wilhelm, as well as to a couple of others. Thus the monarchists now held a dangerous weapon.

Later Nazi headquarters, realizing the stupidity of that written order, demanded that Roehm produce the incriminating paper. He also notified the monarchists of this, and he refused to comply.

The poor Dutch idiot was duly tried, convicted, and executed, and it was stated at the time that Hitler was furious at the turn events had taken, especially when the execution failed to arouse in Germany the general approval expected. The German people frankly suspected that the truth had not come out. Many openly expressed doubts, and Hitler immediately summoned Roehm to come from Munich, where he had taken refuge, to Nazi headquarters in Berlin. Roehm refused. Nazi headquarters then made an effort to learn what had become of the written order to Roehm. General von Schleicher, Prince August Wilhelm, and others were suspected of having been intrusted with it.

Finally Hitler's agents discovered the close friendship between Roehm and the young Austrian count. The conclusion was reached that the order for the Reichstag fire had been taken to Vienna and deposited with Chancellor Dollfuss, Hitler's archfoe.

One of the men who were known to be involved in it from the monarchist side later told me that the actual break between Hitler and Papen occurred after the fire when, he asserted, Papen informed Hitler his fate would be sealed if he stirred against the Hohenzollerns or tried to involve them in this incendiarism.

Nazis and monarchists now stood definitely arrayed against each other in secret. Hereupon began the events leading up to the infamous "blood purge" during which so many Nazi leaders and others were slaughtered.

Roehm knew he had to act. He decided that the time had come to remove Hitler from the scene. He began plotting. He tried to get General von Schleicher into his conspiracy to oust Hitler. I have been privately informed that Schleicher wanted nothing to do with Roehm but was interested if he could be assured it would rid Germany of Hitler. Schleicher was hated by Hitler, whom he had put in jail in 1923. He, too, was an ardent monarchist and several times in his official capacity he had clipped the wings of the industrial barons and bankers.

The monarchists who had been so devoted to Hitler were all pretty deeply involved in this conspiracy with Roehm and Roehm's satellite, Karl Ernst.

Word was secretly passed around that the moment was at hand. Some of the women talked. Hitler heard of it.

The one thing that Roehm, Ernst, and the other plotters feared most was the position of the Reichswehr or regular army, which—officers, staff, and rank and file—hated the Nazis and their Storm Troops and especially their leader, the arrogant Roehm. There was too great a possibility that when Roehm, Ernst, and their following started their revolt the Reichswehr might interfere. It was the plan of Roehm and his gang to seize the Staff headquarters in Berlin, kill the officers of the General Staff, and take the reins of the regular troops themselves.

There were few of the Reichswehr in Berlin to protect the Staff, whereas the city was overrun with Storm Troops all set for the coup. That explains why Reichswehr detachments were hurried to Berlin just a few hours before the bloodshed began. Hitler had learned the details of the plot and the General Staff officers had learned of it also. The first thing Hitler did when he struck, beating the traitors in his own camp to the blow, was to rush loyal Storm Troops to guard the General Staff. This explains why it may be a bit more difficult now for any revolution to get started. The Reichswehr, which hated Hitler, is now grateful.

However, there is more to be explained concerning the "blood purge." Roehm, Ernst, and the other Nazi chieftains who participated in it received short shrift. At the same time several prominent leaders who had nothing whatever to do with it but who had been openly antagonistic to Hitler politically were also slaughtered, thus making a wholesale job of wiping out opposition. Many have been wondering why Frau von Schleicher, the general's wife, was first tortured and then killed, and why Hitler himself rushed to Munich to be present at the arrest of Roehm. The explanation is that it was hoped to get from Roehm, or to obtain from Frau von Schleicher by torturing her, that incriminating order for the Reichstag fire, or at least to find out where it was.

The world also asked why Prince August Wilhelm was arrested in connection with this "blood purge" and then very mysteriously released.

The monarchists are actually giving the answer when they boast that Hitler did not dare harm him, and when they assert the prince defied Hitler and told him that if one hair of his head was touched all the evidence of the intrigues and scheming and also concerning the Reichstag fire would immediately be given to the world.

Hitler could not pin any direct connection with the whole affair on Papen, although it was generally known that once Hitler had been disposed of, Papen would be the new Chancellor. Then, as we all knew, the venerable and senile President Hindenburg was to call on the Hohenzollerns, in the name of the German people, to return.

One of the reasons why Hitler has been so determined in his efforts to bring Austria under his control was that as Germany got too hot for the monarchist intriguers against him, some of them found a welcome in Austria.

The Princess of Starhemberg, whose son is so prominent in Austrian affairs, is a distant relative of mine. She has been one of those working for the restoration of the monarchies. In fact, when it looked as if Hitler would be overthrown in the impending coup, she could not keep her joy to herself. She was one of the women who talked too much. So did the lonely widowed Empress Zita of Austria, whose son, Otto, I would not be surprised to see restored to the Austrian throne any day now.

IT is rather well known in German upper circles that the "will" in which Hindenburg is alleged to have asked the German people to follow Hitler and the Nazi cause loyally, since it had united Germany, would probably astound the venerable soldier if he could come back and read it. In all likelihood he would ask what had become of the farewell message *he* prepared and in which he asked the German people to work for the restoration of the monarchy. There is no doubt concerning the actuality of this particular message which Hindenburg wrote. He discussed it with entirely too many of the monarchists, who could quote whole paragraphs of it.

After the "blood purge," the climax of the whole situation still was to come. On July 25 the most daring stroke of all was perpetrated by the Nazis in the cold-blooded murder of Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria. When the little man was shot down in his government offices in Vienna and left to lie slowly bleeding to death while the Nazi raiding party held off would-be rescuers, the last powerful enemy that the Hitlerites dared to strike at was removed. And Berlin had sent out what amounted to notices of his death some time before the actual killing.

The reason for the murder of Dollfuss was that the Nazis believed that written order for the firing of the Reichstag building was in his possession. As he lay dying over a period of hours during which, as was later testified at the trials of the raiding party, a physician could have saved him by stopping the blood, and while he pleaded in vain for a priest to administer the last rites, all he got was a questioning by his captors. It also developed at the trials that his body had been searched and his offices and desk gone through. This was only lightly touched on as a matter of course at the trials.

Now for what may be regarded as startling circumstantial evidence that Berlin knew all about the impending murder of Dollfuss in advance. Dollfuss was killed on July 25. Three days before, on July 22, a secret circular was prepared—and on the 25th it was sent to the principal German newspapers, with an obituary article about Dollfuss as the Nazi government wanted his story told!

By some stroke the Paris newspaper Figaro obtained one of these "press-release" circulars and published it in facsimile. Its significance was lost in the welter of strife that threatened to engulf Austria, Italy, France, Germany, and Czechoslovakia in a war during those tense days.

But the German people who have been in darkness about all this are beginning to talk, ask questions. The first signs of it cropped out in the plebiscite on August 19 when, in spite of the most tremendous efforts to get out an overwhelming vote for Hitler, the Germans voted against him heavily. In addition, the iron ring outside Germany seems to be closing in with its boycotts and trade balances, driving the industrialists away from their position behind Hitler.

BUT perhaps a greater menace to him than anything else is the attitude of the women. Those who put Hitler across in the first place are now determined to drag him down, and the rest look up to these as their leaders. Altogether, the women of Germany are swerving from the Nazi banner—and they know how to handle their men.

Make no mistake about it, the monarchist element in Germany is very strong. It is uncompromising now in its efforts and plannings to overthrow Hitler. The old army group of war days—including the strong Steel Helmets, who still have their organization in secret, despite his efforts to break it up—hates him. With the industrialists likely to withdraw their financial support, many things may happen. A brilliant German economist I met in Paris privately put it this way: Hitler has a tiger by the tail.

His realization that he has may explain why nearly $700,000 was recently sent from Germany to be deposited in two Italian banks, where it would be accessible to him. Perhaps this also explains why he maintains a mountain retreat from which he could skip over the border to Italy in fifteen or twenty minutes by airplane. It will be recalled he rushed off to this retreat at the time of the "blood purge," when it was uncertain whether the Storm Troops would submit to being disarmed and forced to go on vacation or whether they would revolt.

There are at least a million of these ex-Storm Troopers who hate him now. If you don't believe the monarchists are lining them up you have no conception of how such things work. A German communist leader told me, "If we ever get our chance again—if we for one day get the upper hand—the gutters of Germany will run with Nazi blood. Hitler won us over once. We learned our lesson. Now we want to have that day—our day—and it will be a red one in Germany."

Just so long as Hitler can maintain his influence over the mass of the people he will have a chance. But the elements arraying against him are most formidable. It may be that the great industrialists will join hands with the monarchists. Perhaps this might have happened before now had it not been for the fact that the monarchists are not entirely agreed among themselves. There are several factions, one of which insists the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm must be returned to the throne. Another has been working in behalf of the Crown Prince; a third faction wants his son Wilhelm. These are opposed by the group supporting the Wittelsbach family, and those who want the ex-rulers of Hanover.

But some of the most prominent women of the high nobility are now seeking to unite these factions. They probably will succeed. Perhaps as good a wager as any is that the monarchists eventually will win out, chiefly because the German women are now swinging strongly to their side.

THE END

What HITLER Promised

Here Is the Program Which Gave Him the Job He May Presently Lose

by DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

Keystone View photo

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHAT promises did Hitler make to the German people?

They may be gathered from the book termed by him, in a signed foreword, " the catechism of our government." In this book the Hitler conception of his rôle as dictator breathes a sense of destiny as definite as Napoleon's:

> The demands which we place upon a dictator are exceedingly high. . . . It is a matter of course that his mental abilities must be above the average; yet knowledge and ability in various specialized fields are not important. Other people's knowledge can be utilized. . . .
>
> Our mind turns to religious geniuses like Christ, Luther, Savonarola, Mohammed; to statesmen like Bismarck and Cromwell; to generals like Frederick the Great and Yorck.
>
> The dictator must be free of all unnecessary inhibitions and hesitations. For him there can be no conventional barriers. It must be he who makes history. It is he who embodies the longing of the nation. Therefore he cannot err. He is upborne by the complete loyalty and love of those to whom his action brings liberty. He must know how to hate the enemies of the state as relentlessly, as mercilessly as he loves his people and his sacred task.

These passages refer obviously to the existing dictatorship. The book continues:

> Our conception of the future state form will be influenced by the expression of the people's will. . . .
>
> We can conceive the possibility of a sound republican state form. However, almost all the historical memories of Germany point to a monarchical form.
>
> The monarchical state is, nevertheless, by no means indissolubly linked with the dynastic idea. On the contrary it seems that dynastic interests have only too often resulted in harm to the interests of the people.
>
> Another factor bids us to be particularly cautious in reestablishing a monarchical form of government: the hereditary phase of a dynasty. . . .
>
> When the German speaks of the advantages of a monarchy, he visualizes rulers such as Charlemagne, Otto, Frederick the Great. In contrast to such monarchs stand rulers like Frederick William III and William II, showing that the dynastic state form offers no guaranty for the welfare of the people.
>
> Thus, in thinking of a return to monarchy, the German people are only expressing the innate Teutonic craving for an able leader and the readiness to submit themselves cheerfully to a strong character.
>
> The main thing to be sought is assurance of trustworthy and noble qualities in those to whom is entrusted the destiny of the nation. . . . It may not always happen that the highest nobility of character and the ablest statesmanship are united in one person.
>
> In that case a consular duumvirate or a triumvirate might be the highest guaranty of capable leadership.

The real significance of the Hitler attack on the burdens imposed on individuals and governments by the ever mounting interest on invested capital appears in this:

> The recognition of private property is deeply rooted in our souls.
>
> The producing, craftsman spirit looks beyond the immediate. . . . To such men the world cannot deny that the work of their hands, created by their individual effort, shall be their own property.
>
> In this conception of what we call the productive genius lies incontrovertibly respect for the property of others in common justice.
>
> However, fundamentally and irreconcilably opposed to this productive spirit is the snatching, pillaging nature of men of another sort. These do not know the joy of creating. They move restlessly from place to place; they form no roots; they never mount from sound indigenous feeling to higher levels of culture. With restless, agitated mind they wander from country to country, carrying their money with them when they have stripped and pillaged their own land.
>
> High finance is the unfettered lord over state and domestic affairs. . . .
>
> All peoples are enslaved to interest and taxation through the gigantic indebtedness of states to this superstate world power of finance. . . .
>
> The exaction of debt interest has become the chief function of governments. . . .
>
> Against this robber code, Nazi sets the limitation of property rights, putting the common need ahead of individual greed.
>
> That the limiting of surplus property must be a gradual process is understood, naturally. Nazi does not contemplate deposing the owners of great industrial works (such as Krupp, Mannesman, Thyssen, etc.) so long as they remain in the hands of productive-minded men who in no way alienate the welfare of the community. . . .
>
> The first great battle is to root out the Jews from Germany. Then will follow the warfare to break the hold of the capitalists who demand interest to the exclusion of labor's share in earned profits.

These excerpts are from Der Deutsche Staat auf nationaler und sozialer Grundlage (The German State from the National and Social Basis), by Gottfried Feder.

THE END

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

Getaway Money

WE look guilty, thought Mildred in despair; anybody'd know what we were talking about.

Penelope knew; you could see her shriveling inside. But she smiled at them with a pitiful gallantry. "Oh," she said, "you were looking for me, Cliff?"

He smiled suavely as ever; Mildred couldn't help admiring his effrontery, though she thanked God she wasn't going to have to live with it.

"I came up to ask Mildred what you were doing this afternoon." That was ridiculous—he could have telephoned; but Penelope chose to accept it.

"I won't have time to go to the races, if that's what you mean. I'm going to be busy. Run along now; I want to talk to Mildred."

He went, his poise unruffled. But Penelope was haggard; all the structure of hope and romance she had been building had crashed into ruin. Above everything else, Mildred was sorry for her.

"So that's why you wanted to leave me," said Penelope, "and take a room outside! I don't suppose you'd mind biting the hand that fed you, but you didn't want to risk being caught!"

"Penelope! Be sensible! I didn't want to see Cliff—"

"Didn't want to see him! The minute my back was turned you called him up. I know him pretty well, Mildred; he takes the line of least resistance. He wouldn't act like this unless you'd led him on. And after I've kept you all winter—"

I must keep hold of myself, thought Mildred; she doesn't know what she's saying.

"You both needed money," Penelope panted, "and when you found that neither of you had it, he was to marry my money, while you kept your affair going on the side! Oh, I might have known! I knew you were looking for money and didn't care how you got it—"

Mildred was speechless with sheer incredulity. This couldn't be Penelope, this madwoman. But was she as crazy as she seemed? Instinctively she was throwing all the blame on Mildred—to protect Cliff, to save Cliff; a chastened Cliff who would come meekly back to Penelope and her money, never to stray again.

"Stop it, Penelope!" she blazed in disgust. "You aren't really crazy; you're only putting on an act to save your self-esteem. You can have Cliff; I've told him I don't want him. And don't bother putting me out. I'm getting out, as soon as I can pack." Visibly Penelope was relieved.

"Mildred, if I've been unfair to you— I'll pay your fare back to New York, of course; or Kentucky."

"You certainly won't! I wouldn't take another nickel of your money."

"How far can you get on your own? You want to stay here—"

"Shut up! I don't! I'll fall back on Uncle Pink, if I have to. Now get out, Penelope, and let me pack."

In the suite above, Senator Medwick was getting ready to go out—gay in blue coat and white flannels, a flower in his buttonhole, his Malacca stick twirling—when Norman handed him a sheaf of typewritten sheets.

"There you are, Senator—a summary of the technical arguments for and against the Funding Bill. I've set down all there is to be said on both sides—"

"Very good of you, Johnson," said the Senator. "I'll look at this later; there's no hurry."

"No hurry? I—I needn't remind you, Senator—"

"You needn't," said the Senator dryly. "I am perfectly aware of the situation in Washington. I came down here to recover my health, and I propose to do it. I'm going to relax and enjoy myself for a few days; and I advise you, my boy, to do the same."

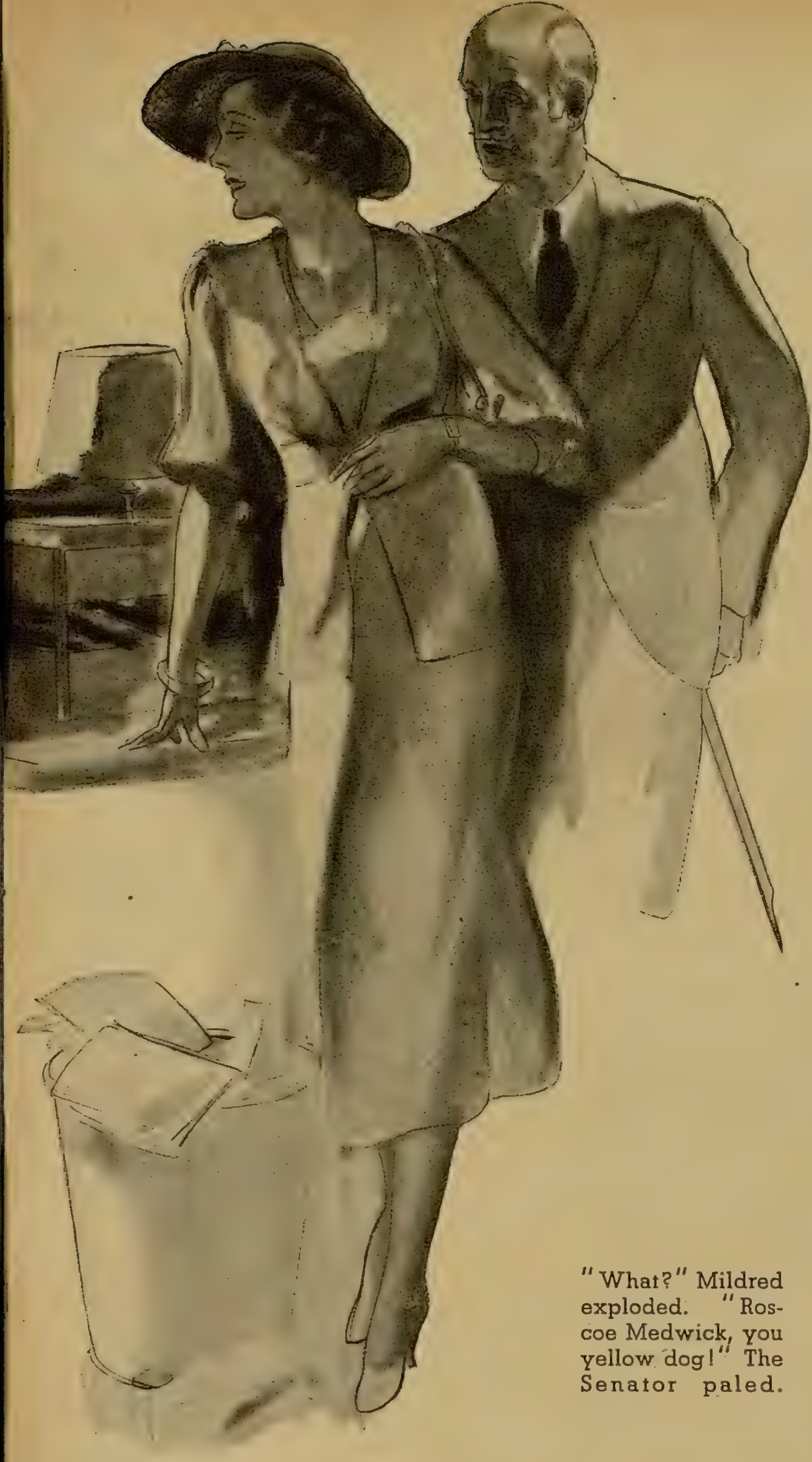
But how could you enjoy yourself when you saw Roscoe Medwick stalling for time—Roscoe Medwick, who had never before been afraid to stand up and be counted, waiting to see which was the safe side. Norman wished now that he had taken that assistant professorship at Columbia that had been offered him. Then, with a rush of blended relief and disgust, Norman realized that maybe the Senator wasn't stalling for time on the Funding Bill; he was stalling for time with Mildred.

The Senator went out, and Norman, savagely tearing

A Girl's Quest of Happiness Reaches Its Goal in a Sparkling Novel of Today

by ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW



"What?" Mildred exploded. "Roscoe Medwick, you yellow dog!" The Senator paled.

up his notes, reflected that that offer from Columbia was still open. Still, if he could be the Moley, the Tugwell, of the next administration— Uncertain what to do about anything, he went down to the lobby—and there was Mildred at the porter's desk.

"I'm leaving my baggage here," she was saying, "till I can let you know my new address." Norman came up to her.

"Mildred! Where are you going?" She shrugged.

"I don't know yet. But Penelope's fired me—"

"Come outside, and tell me about it."

They sauntered out into a morning of blue and gold; under rustling fronds in the palm garden they smoked on a bench while she told him. And as she talked, he discovered a Mildred he'd never known before. She was grave, but not with the wistful appeal he remembered. This was a coolly serious woman, detached, impartial, who was taking stock of herself, analyzing her mistakes, plotting her future—uncertain but unafraid.

"So don't waste any sympathy on me," she finished. "I let myself in for it, with Cliff and with Penelope too. You don't know people till you see how they behave when they're in a jam. And now—I don't suppose there's any chance of getting a job in Miami. I'd better go to New York, if I can manage it, and try again."

"How much money have you? Forty dollars! That won't take you to New York."

"I'll find a way," she said. "After all, if I took my forty dollars to the races—"

"YOU might come back without a nickel. Mildred, once, when I needed getaway money, you offered to lend it to me. If—if you won't think I'm trying to get even—let me lend you enough to take you to New York and carry you a while." Her eyes silenced him.

"I know perfectly well why you're offering it, Norman; and I'd never take your money unless—unless I was giving you something in return."

"Well—" His voice failed him; her hands rose and fell helplessly.

"It wouldn't work, Norman. We're always quarreling. Besides—"

"Besides," he supplied gloomily, "you're going to marry the Senator?"

"I don't know. I'd be useful to him, and no woman would throw away a chance to live in the White House without thinking it over. But—"

Roscoe Medwick making love to her; that old man!

"His wife will never live in the White House unless he gets into action. I've finished my report, and he won't read it; he can't think about anything but you. If you're going to take him, tell him so, and let him get back to his job!"

She laughed, without much amusement. "You like to get things done, don't you, Norman? Never mind whether he and I would be good for each other; we must go ahead—so that *you* can stop worrying!"

She jumped up, fuming, and stalked away to the bathhouse. He'd know enough to keep away from her now—on the beach, on the terrace. But she had forgotten another man who usually waited for her on the terrace now.

"What?" said the Senator. "You've quarreled with Mrs. Eier, lost your job? Well! In that case—"

He paused; this made it awkward. The marriage of a public man, a Presidential possibility, was a public concern. The papers would make a lot of it—especially when the bride was twenty-one and the bridegroom sixty-two. To marry a friend and associate of the well known peace advocate Mrs. Eier—a wedding in Mrs. Eier's hotel suite at Miami Beach, or her New York apartment—would suit the proprieties of his position. But to marry a girl who was unattached and unemployed, living perhaps in a furnished-room house— He could imagine what the tabloids would make of that. Still, the way he felt about her—his youth returning at sixty-two.

He glanced at her across the table—they were sitting over highballs beside the pool, Mildred in her bathing suit—and was almost ashamed of the way he felt about her. The girl seemed utterly unaware that she was almost naked. But this distinctly wasn't the costume, even if it had been the time and place, for a proposal of marriage.

"If you want a job," he said, "you can have your pick of half a dozen before sundown. Let's go to the races this afternoon. You'll see all the local magnates there. I'll ask this man and that—we'll find something."

"No doubt. Anybody would make a job for a protégée of the man who may be the next President. But I don't want a synthetic job; and if you ask somebody to put me on his pay roll, he'd certainly think—"

"Good heavens, so he might! Well, then—" Again he paused.

"Never mind," she said lightly. "I may join my uncle at the Ponce de Leon. You remember him; I introduced him to you at the races."

"Of course!" He'd forgotten all about the uncle—an old-school gentleman, a worthy son of Senator Richard Burgee. Why, this solved everything! Married at the bride's hotel, with her uncle giving her away. "But you'll go to the races with me anyhow?" he persisted. "And dine with me afterward, where we can dance?"

"It's a date," she assented, smiling. She'd never bet on a horse race in her life. If there was anything in beginner's luck— Before that smile, the Senator's spirits bounded up. Tonight he'd certainly ask her.

But she left her baggage at the Minaret, with a half notion that if she won at the races—real money, two or three hundred dollars—she'd take the night train to New York. Then, as she drove out to Tropical Park with the Senator, she began to wonder if this last desperate plan wasn't even crazier than the rest. She didn't know anything about horses, and neither did the Senator. And if she lost her last forty dollars—

In a quiet interlude in the endless reception around the Senator's box, she excused herself and slipped off to the clubhouse. Even in that crowd, smartly dressed, prosperous-looking, Uncle Pink was a stately figure; he commanded confidence—especially if you didn't know him. She told him her story with a coolly impersonal detachment.

"Do I understand that Speke was your only—er—prospect?"

"Oh, well—there's another man. I'm terribly fond of him, but I'm not sure. Let's forget that, Uncle Pink. What I wanted to ask you—"

"My dear, you needn't ask me. We're the last of the Burgees and I'll share my last dollar with you. Unfortunately I'm just about down to my last hundred, but two people can eat quite a while on that."

"YOUR last hundred!" she gasped. "I—I wasn't going to sponge on you; but if you're in as bad shape as that—I've got forty dollars; putting yours and mine together, we've got getaway money. Let's get away!"

"I can't," he confessed. "Got to wait for my trust-fund check before I can pay my hotel bill."

"Good heavens! And we'd sit here and eat up our last hundred; after that we'd be—nothing but a couple of beachcombers," she said wryly. "Uncle Pink, you were going to use that hundred, weren't you? Putting it on horses, hoping your luck would turn. Well, the Burgees have never been afraid to take a chance. Shoot that hundred on the horses—and I'll shoot my forty, too. Just tell me what to do."

"Well, don't make any bets before I see you again," he told her. "Fly Swatter's entered in the fifth race—"

"Fly Swatter? Good heavens! After the other day!"

"After the other day we ought to get a pretty good price: people will be afraid of him. And he's a good horse when he's right."

Senator Medwick was alone, for a wonder, when she came back to their box, and just as she sat down the loudspeaker blared overhead:

"United States Senator Roscoe Medwick is wanted in the clubhouse! An urgent telephone call!"

"That officious fool Johnson," the Senator grumbled. "He won't take any time off, and won't let me take any, either. I'm not going to answer it."

"What? It might be something important," she said. "Norman's judgment is pretty good."

"Oh, he knows economics; but aside from that— I won't answer it!" This was an old man's petulance.

A moment later some people drifted in to pay their respects to him, and again Mildred was at work as a hostess—keeping up an easy play of small talk, shutting it off when the occasion required. The thing she could do; the thing she might be asked to do for Roscoe Medwick all the rest of his life. Well, she'd wait and see what Uncle Pink could do.

MR. BURGEE appeared in the alley above the box, dignified and imperturbable after the fourth race.

"Good evening, Senator. Hello, Mildred. I saw you over here and thought I'd pay my respects. Had to put a little money down first—"

"On Maraschino?" asked the Senator. "He seems to be the favorite. I put a little on Maraschino."

"Well, I don't wonder," said Mr. Burgee. "On form, it looks as if Maraschino would have a walkaway. But I'm taking a chance on Fly Swatter."

"Are you?" said Mildred. "I think I'll invest a little money, just for luck. No, never mind, Senator—I'll go get the ticket myself."

He rose, bowed her out. Mr. Burgee sat down beside him.

"Surprising," said the Senator. "I never saw her make a bet before."

"Mildred doesn't care much about horses," her uncle admitted. "But she's got the gambling instinct. And I reckon men of our age have got to reconcile ourselves to being surprised by young people."

"I'm not aware of such a great difference," said the Senator stiffly. Then, "Er—Mr. Burgee. Mildred tells me you're her only relative—the head of the family. So I felt I ought to tell you that I intend to ask her to marry me. I—er—I don't presume to read her feelings, but I have reason to hope that she'll accept."

For an instant Mr. Burgee permitted himself to see visions in a blue cloud of cigar smoke: Mr. Pinckney Burgee, Mrs. Medwick's uncle, is a guest at the White House. But the head of the family had to live up to his responsibility.

"You do us honor, Senator," he said gravely. "But—do you think it's advisable? She's only twenty-one."

"I admit that some people might think I'm too old for her. But since I met her I feel thirty years younger. She's a—a Fountain of Youth."

"She's also a woman, Senator. When you're seventy she'll be thirty. She'd be absolutely loyal, of course, but you wouldn't want her to feel—"

Roscoe Medwick looked him in the eye with unshakable resolution.

"I appreciate that perfectly, Mr. Burgee. But a few years with her would be worth—anything!" Mr. Burgee contemplated the tip of his cigar.

"Well, Senator, you put me in a very embarrassing position. Our family has its traditions, sir. There are some things we can't do. But rather than let a man of your standing commit a dreadful blunder, I feel that I must tell you—" . . .

As Mildred crossed the bridge to the clubhouse she glanced at the board across the track. Approximate odds, Maraschino 4 to 3, Fly Swatter 10 to 1. If Fly Swatter had a chance, you'd think more people would have bet on him. Still, Uncle Pink ought to know— Nervously she took out a cigarette, fumbled in her purse for a clip of matches. None there. She went on, the unlighted cigarette between her fingers.

"Mildred!" She looked up—at Penelope and Cliff. He lifted his hat, reddening, then gave his attention to the program he held—scribbling on it with a pencil. But Penelope stood in Mildred's way.

"Mildred, darling, I lost my temper inexcusably this morning. I do hope you'll forgive me."

"We all lose our tempers occasionally," said Mildred, forcing a smile. "I must go, Penelope—I want to lay down my money before the windows close."

"May I give you a light?" Cliff asked from the background. "Keep the clip; I've got plenty more."

With a nod of thanks she walked away, then paused to light her cigarette. He hadn't done all his scribbling on his program; something was penciled inside the cover of the match clip. "5th race—Zuleika. Can't lose." Can't lose, eh? Somebody had fixed Maraschino—or his jockey? Cliff knew all sorts of queer people; he might have heard something.

But she'd thrown herself on Uncle Pink, had promised to take his advice. Just before the mutuel windows closed she ran up to the ten-dollar wicket and laid down her money.

"Four tickets on Fly Swatter, please."

She came back to the box where Uncle Pinckney stood beside the Senator just as the roar of the crowd announced that they were off. Off in a bunch that clung together around the turn. Mildred stood between the two men, a hand on the shoulder of each, her fingers pressing tight in mounting apprehension. Down the back stretch, Maraschino in the lead, Zuleika coming up fast—and Fly Swatter, Number Seven, blue jacket and crimson cap—Fly Swatter next to last. Maraschino was dropping behind now, Zuleika coming up; she was in the lead as they turned again, into the home stretch, the others bunched behind her. In an agonized apprehension that seemed as if it would never end, Mildred watched the galloping group tearing home—Zuleika leading by half a length, somebody else coming up—

"Fly Swatter!" Mildred screamed. "Come on, Fly Swatter!"

A streak shot past—chestnut topped by crimson and blue, a big "7" flaunting on the saddle blanket—past Zuleika, under the wire to win by a head. Mildred dropped into a chair, trembling uncontrollably.

OVERHEAD the loud-speaker blared the result of the fifth race, but Mildred's eyes were on the board across the track, waiting for the price. Fly Swatter, to win—$27.80! For a two-dollar ticket. That meant—

"Uncle Pink!" she gasped. "Do I really win five hundred dollars? And you—more than thirteen hundred!"

It wasn't possible. With five hundred dollars you could do anything—

It felt so queer to be riding back with the Senator and Uncle Pink. Queerer still to have five hundred dollars in her purse. She didn't feel like Mildred Burgee at all—not the Mildred Burgee who had lived at the Minaret on Penelope's money, a false front. More like a Mildred who could go back to New York on her own money, look for a job.

They came into the Minaret lobby and found Norman Johnson waiting, a wild light in his eye.

"Ye gods, Senator, where have you been? I telephoned to the track for you—to the Surf Club—every place I could think of. There's hell to pay!"

"Don't tell me here," said the Senator, glancing about the lobby. "Come upstairs. Mildred—"

"She'd better come with us," said Norman grimly. "She's in it too."

"I'll wait for you here—" Uncle Pinckney was beginning.

"No, no, Mr. Burgee!" the Senator insisted. "If Mildred's coming I—I'd rather you'd stay with her."

So they all trooped into the parlor of the Senator's suite.

"NOW!" said Norman. "About two o'clock Charlie Collins called me from Washington. There's a very nasty piece about you, Senator, in this afternoon's New York Star. It told how your doctor had ordered you down here for your health, and every day you'd been seen at the races with Mildred—or dancing with her at night clubs. A couple of hours later Charlie called me again. That story was having its effect: some of the men on your committee who are opposed to the bill are getting scared. They've called a committee meeting for eleven o'clock tomorrow morning—which means that the administration has managed to win over one, or more, of the opposition. They've got votes enough to pass that bill in the Senate, if it's ever reported out of committee. And it will be reported out—favorably—tomorrow morning. Senator Medwick absent and not voting—"

Not voting on either side. Roscoe Medwick's face was gray; he knew what that meant. No hope of the White House now: friends and enemies of the Funding Bill would both be cold to him. Even his seat in the Senate would be lost.

"However," said Norman more cheerfully, "we can save something out of the crash. The administration isn't hunting unnecessary trouble. If you're on hand to vote for the bill—*for* it, remember—tomorrow morning, they'll probably forgive you and back you for another term."

"How can I be there? Eleven tomorrow morning?"

"I've chartered a plane for you."

"A plane?" said the Senator. "I never rode in one of the things in my life." Mildred stared at him in amazement. Why, the man was afraid!

"It's the only chance," Norman insisted. "The plane's waiting at the airport. I've packed all your things, got them downstairs to the porter's desk. Haven't had time to pack myself, but I can follow by train."

"Oh, you can?" The Senator, an hour or so ago, had received a horrible shock. Just now he had received another, and the combined force of the two was too much for his nerves. "You'll come by train," he exploded, "while I risk my life in the air? Johnson, you're insufferably officious!"

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG U S PAT OFF

NRA CODE

"Senator!" Mildred began fiercely, but Norman shut her off.

"Am I, Senator? Well—I supposed you'd rather square yourself with the White House by voting for the bill."

But Roscoe Medwick, statesman of antique integrity, would vote his convictions at any cost. "I'm sorry, sir," said Norman, flushing, "if you haven't made up your mind yet. Here's my report on the background; you could read it in the plane."

The Senator took the sheaf of typewritten sheets—and tore it up, dropped it into the wastebasket.

"Let's forget I ever saw that thing," he said. "If an airplane's the only way— By heavens, I don't like it, but—Johnson, there's only one way I can make this look right—square myself with the White House and with the people back home too. Here's the story: I'd got over my cold, recovered my health. The reason I delayed coming back to Washington was that you hadn't finished the report."

"What?" Mildred exploded. "Roscoe Medwick, you—you yellow dog!"

The Senator paled, shrank away from her—almost, it seemed, as if he were trying to get behind Norman.

"Look after her, Mr. Burgee! Look after her! I—I—You don't understand, Mildred; this is politics. It doesn't mean anything. I'll take care of Johnson after this has blown over—"

"You needn't," said Norman curtly. "You're quite right, Senator—that's your best way out. So it would look better if you fire me for my negligence. Don't worry about my future. I can have an assistant professorship at Columbia—"

"Fire you?" said the Senator. "I don't think we need go that far."

"If you don't fire me I'll resign."

"Resign? But why—?"

"Well—" Norman paused. "I have a queer sense of values, Senator. I thought you were the man the country needed—"

"And that you'd be my Tugwell?" the Senator supplied angrily. "Now that there's no chance of that, the rats leave the sinking ship—"

"No," said Mildred, "the rat seems to be staying with it. Oh, you—"

"Look after her, Mr. Burgee!" cried the Senator, slipping toward the door. "Johnson, you say my baggage is downstairs? Then come with me to the elevator—we'll settle up about expenses and so on."

They went out. Mildred looked at her uncle, her face crimson.

"And I thought of marrying that one, too! What a taste! Uncle Pink, does everybody crack under pressure? When even Roscoe Medwick—"

"Not everybody," said Mr. Burgee. "It seemed to me that Johnson behaved very admirably."

"Yes, he did," said Mildred proudly. "But the Senator—Uncle Pink, why did he tell you to look after me? As if he were—actually afraid of me."

"Well—" Mr. Burgee was embarrassed. "Out at the track this afternoon the Senator told me he was going to ask you to marry him; so I felt it my duty to tell him about the insanity in the family. Sometimes, I explained, it took violent forms; and I reckon he was afraid you were about to become violent."

"Insanity in the family?" she asked blankly.

"Why, yes. Aunt Mildred—your namesake—who died in a madhouse; Aunt Sabrina, who was confined to her room in the old homestead for the last thirty years of her life—but she wasn't violent, poor soul—"

"But—I—I never heard of Aunt Mildred or Aunt Sabrina!"

"Neither did I," said Uncle Pinckney. "But I had to think quick. I'd remarked on the difference in your ages, and that didn't stop him; so I had to take drastic measures. Also I was a little bit afraid that maybe you would marry the old fool. If you'd done that, it would have proved that there was insanity in the family. There are some things," said Mr. Burgee with dignity, "that Burgees don't do unless they have to. Lying, for instance. But when the occasion arose, I flatter myself that I did a pretty good job of it."

"WELL!" she said, and then began to laugh. She was still laughing—helplessly, hysterically—when the door clicked. Uncle Pink making his exit—and Norman coming in. He looked at her apprehensively, then ran to her.

"Mildred!" He caught her shoulders, held her tight. "Snap out of it!" he commanded. Her hands crept up on his arms, clung to them.

"My dear!" she said. "I've been such an idiot! If it hadn't been for you—and Uncle Pink— Norman, I won five hundred dollars this afternoon! I can do anything I want to, now."

"What—what do you want to do?" he asked her unsteadily.

"Well"—she was demure—"I thought I'd see what you wanted to do."

He looked into her eyes—laughing but clear, eager, single-hearted. Her lips were close to his—a challenge. He knew what he wanted to do, and if she, miraculously, wanted him to do it—

Mr. Pinckney Burgee, in the Minaret lobby, saw a young couple emerge from the elevator arm in arm.

"Hrrmph!" said Mr. Burgee. "I thought I'd better stick around, Mildred, till I found out what your plans may be."

"We've got a perfectly lovely plan. My baggage is still here, and Norman has packed his; and he—he thinks we can find somebody who'd sell us a marriage license, even after hours. So we thought we'd stay here for a week or so—not at the Minaret. Some quiet comfortable little hotel, where we could really appreciate Miami. What are you going to do, Uncle Pink?"

"Well, the season ends at Tropical Park tomorrow. I reckon I'll be drifting on to Bowie. Meanwhile," said Mr. Burgee, "this looks to me like a highly suitable occasion to have a drink. I always carry a flask of my bourbon with me in case of an emergency; and if you young people can spare a couple of minutes I'll discharge my last duty as head of the family."

He led them to a table on the balcony, filled three glasses.

"Happy days!" said Mr. Burgee, beaming. "I had an idea they'd be here again."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a bolide?

2—The Slave Coast is where?

3—Who served as Secretary of the United States Treasury under three different Presidents?

4—What island became a part of the Dominion of Canada in 1873?

5—What educational institution did Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, help to found?

6—Where is the source of the Orinoco?

7—Where and when was Kit Carson born?

8—When was the American Geographical Society founded?

9—What great calamity did Canada escape by passing under British domination in 1760?

10—What city in the world has the most telephones in proportion to the population?

11—When were postal savings banks authorized in the United States?

12—What United States city's name of ten letters contains only three different letters of the alphabet?

13—Where is the shortest distance between United States and Russian territory?

14—Where were the Northwest Mounted Police first organized?

15—Cynocephalic means what?

16—Who wrote "There is budding morrow in midnight"?

17—An epizootic is what?

18—By whom was Hudson Bay discovered?

19—Does France still own any land in North America?

20—What is the literal meaning of philanthropy?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

Medical, Magical, Political

From Vital Science to Comic Fantasy, and Thence to Provincial Intrigue, Four Pictures Wend Their Different Ways with Varying Success

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

Robert Taylor, Virginia Bruce, and Chester Morris in Society Doctor.

★ ★ ★ SOCIETY DOCTOR

THE PLAYERS: Chester Morris, Virginia Bruce, Billie Burke, Robert Taylor, Raymond Walburn, Henry Kolker, Dorothy Peterson, William Henry, Louise Henry. Directed by George B. Seitz. From the play by Theodore Reeves.

SOCIETY DOCTOR is a neat concise little film whose action is entirely confined within hospital walls. In it Chester Morris, giving his best performance in some time, is seen as a belligerent and idealistic young interne whose unbridled enthusiasm for his profession leads him to battle with his social-minded employers. Clipped, terse, and economic in its telling, the story is plausible and well played. And in the climax, where Morris, taking a local anesthetic, directs the operation on himself by mirrors, the film is highly exciting.

Though the medical-wise may find Society Doctor marred by many technical inconsistencies, the picture remains a tightly knit and well fashioned melodrama aided considerably by the competent playing of Billie Burke, Virginia Bruce, and M. G. M.'s newest discovery, Robert Taylor. Mr. Taylor, as Morris's friend and rival for the lovely Miss Bruce, shows definite starring potentialities and very nearly steals the show.

Opening with the hackneyed setup of the two young doctors in love with the same nurse, the characters are so crisply delineated that the picture soon catches interest. And with the added injection of an escaped convict shooting his way out of the hospital and Morris's advanced surgical theories given trial on himself, Society Doctor becomes a swiftly moving cinema which, except for the overacting by all bit players, may well stand as a model for what is known as the "program" picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture—formerly called Only Eight Hours—was taken from an unproduced play, The Harbor, by Theodore Reeves. . . . Virginia Bruce was born Virginia Briggs in Minneapolis and lived to be Mrs. John Gilbert. Is now separated from Mr. G. but busy being reconciled with him in all the fan magazines. She is intellectually lovely-looking but actually worked as a show girl in Smiles and in the chorus in Whoopee. . . . Louise Henry is daughter of Dr. Jesse Straus Heiman, who not only saved the life of Carl Laemmle, Sr., some years ago but actually brought Jackie Coogan into the world. Louise was discovered by an actress named Hicks in England on one of Louise's dozen (pleasure) trips to Europe. She finished school in Paris. . . . Robert Taylor is considered another Robert Montgomery. He can be the social lion or villain by merely turning the right faucet.

★ ★ ½ LIFE RETURNS

THE PLAYERS: Dr. Robert E. Cornish, Onslow Stevens, George Breakstone, Lois Wilson, Valerie Hobson, Stanley Fields. Directed by Dr. Eugene Frenke. Story by Dr. Frenke and James Hogan.

EVER since the birth of medical science it has been the dream of man to revive the dead. In Life Returns you see the actual scenes of this miracle. For Dr. Robert E. Cornish, a young Californian, can and does restore life to animals killed by gas, drowning, shock, or by any means which do not destroy the body tissues. These scenes wherein Dr. Cornish—by injections, blood transfusions, concentrated doses of oxygen, and surgery—revives a dog dead two days are among the most thrilling ever shown on the screen. And Life Returns, had it limited itself to these scenes, might have been one of the outstanding short subjects of all time.

Unfortunately, the film does not limit itself to these actual operation scenes and it's not a short subject. Around this event of unlimited possibilities and importance a story has been concocted.

It is so awkwardly constructed, so falsely played, and so poorly photographed and directed that many who might be thrilled by seeing an actual record of an accomplishment which may some day mean new life for thousands will leave the theater in disgust before the operating scenes are shown.

Intended evidently to give the operation a personal touch, the story succeeds only in irritating, boring, and annoying in its constant display of zealous overacting and inept writing. But those hardy enough to sit

Lois Wilson and Onslow Stevens in another medical film, Life Returns.

They tried "Moist-Throat" Method! ..."NEXT DAY OUR COUGHS WERE GONE!"

"Both Jackie and I were coughing our heads off," says Mrs. P. Fernandez, Providence, R.I. "Our doctor said 'Pertussin.' By the end of the next day our coughs were gone!"

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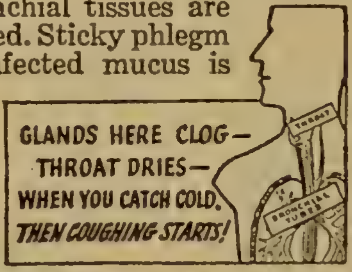
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Robert Warwick and George Hassell in the fantastic Night Life of the Gods.

through it will be rewarded with about ten minutes of the most realistic views of a vital scientific discovery yet to be caught by the camera.

Dr. Eugene Frenke—who is, in what is laughingly called private life, Anna Sten's husband—is to be commended for getting the record of Dr. Cornish's triumph.

But we are still wondering why he submerged it beneath the soggy blanket of such a poorly manufactured story.

VITAL STATISTICS: Last April thirty-year-old San Franciscan Dr. Robert E. Cornish succeeded in bringing back to life a dead dog. This dog, now known to fame as Lazarus D 13, has the same part in the film he played in real life—or shall we say unreal death? Cornish's mother is sister to noted football coach Gloomy Gil Dobie, yet Cornish never had a whit of interest in athletics. Cornish was home-taught in the primary grades and youthful-prodigied his way through high school, graduating at fourteen. So absorbed in scientific research has he been that he hasn't been to a theater since he was fifteen. Bought a car in 1922 and hasn't purchased another since. Still drives the old one. All the money he makes goes back to his experiments. Has never been more than a hundred miles away from home. Has never ridden on a train. Lives with his parents. Has never had a sweetheart. Cares little for other forms of entertainment. Is entirely absorbed in his science. At an early stage of his work he decided he would concentrate on an effort to find a means to restore life. For years he was unsuccessful. Then the dog Lazarus, a stray, was condemned to the pound. Cornish begged the dog for experimenting. In the presence of noted physicians and scientists, he put the dog to death by gas. Eight minutes later he revived it. He repeated the feat with a second dog. The feat made him so popular that throngs came to the University of California to see him. University authorities decided he would have to move. To get him off the premises without hurting his feelings, they ordered his laboratory torn down. This did the trick. Now Cornish has his laboratory in his old garage. He was graduated from the U. of Cal., incidentally, at eighteen. He now has high hopes of bringing humans back to life. H'm!

★ ★ ½ NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS

THE PLAYERS: Alan Mowbray, Florine McKinney, Peggy Shannon, Richard Carle, Teresa Conover, Phillips Smalley, Wesley Barry, Gilbert Emery, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Robert Warwick, George Hassell. Directed by Lowell Sherman. Story by Thorne Smith.

THORNE SMITH'S mad tale of a silly young man who dreams that he has the power to turn people to stone and to bring statues to life emerges on the screen as a frequently hilarious fantasy which is not as consistently humorous as one might expect.

Its several lapses are due to the rather shabby production given the film and to the fact that, after one catches on to the basic idea, the gags become somewhat repetitious.

Directed by the late Lowell Sherman, Night Life of the Gods is distinctly novel; and though not entirely successful itself, it opens up a field of magic humor particularly suitable for the screen.

Alan Mowbray, performing in nicely balanced style, is the dreamer who imagines that he has two rings. By flashing one he turns people to stone, and by flashing the other he brings them back to life. With impish glee he sets about making statues of his relatives, and in his travels picks up a comely gal, Florine McKinney, who turns out to be around nine hundred years old. Getting themselves neatly plastered, they create havoc in dance halls by turning to stone any one who bumps into them. Tiring of that, they visit an art museum, and there, in highly comic scenes, they revive Venus, Neptune, Bacchus, Diana, and a few more of the handsome gods and proceed to show them the town.

With Neptune claiming all the fish in the city and Bacchus attempting to drink the place dry, Night Life of the Gods comes to a rowdy unrestrained climax.

Though its treatment is never quite as funny as its theme, the picture is a courageous venture in fantasy, and we, for one, hope that it will be a forerunner of more offerings in the same goofy vein.

VITAL STATISTICS: Lowell Sherman, who directed Night Life of the Gods, and who died before finishing Becky Sharp, was a person of paradoxes. His favorite dishes were ham and eggs—and caviar. He slept in the nude or in full-dress clothes. He used to like to direct clad in white-flannel shorts and a polo shirt also white. Was a very tactful and kindly person, and much liked on that account by stars, extras, prop men, and all connected with the films he made. His first direction to the players when shooting began on Night Life of the Gods was, pointing to two doors on the set, " Enter here, exit there, and act like hell! " This was characteristic. Nonchalance covered twenty years of stage and screen experience. Sherman always directed in a low voice. Very intense under an apparently cool manner. He regularly lost twenty pounds while making a movie and gained it back between films. Was a connoisseur in food, drink, antique furniture, and femininity—the last talent gained through three marriages. Cared little for the social life of Hollywood, preferring his luxuriously appointed home with its meridian-blue swimming pool. Was born in Frisco of theatrical parents. Was on stage from childhood days. Played rider of the pony express

Will Rogers—again a politician—and
Robert McWade in The County Chairman.

in original Belasco production of The Girl of the Golden West. Later with Mrs. Leslie Carter, Nat Goodwin, and other luminaries of the past. On screen he became famous as a villain. Scored in that capacity in D. W. Griffith's Way Down East. As a director he debutted Katharine Hepburn and Mae West on the screen. . . . Florine McKinney, born twenty-two years ago in Mart, Texas, was called to Hollywood as a result of sending one of her photos to one of the big studios. But she didn't get a real chance till this part. She can sing in six foreign languages—Spanish, French, Italian, German, Norwegian, and Yiddish. . . . Alan Mowbray is an English actor, considered one of the wittiest conversationalists and most spontaneous comedians in Hollywood. But he has been condemned to heavydom ever since hitting Hollywood. Has acted forty-five villains in three years, working forty-two out of fifty-two weeks of 1933. Has known what it is like to sleep on park benches. . . . Author Thorne Smith died a few weeks after receiving $26,000 from the movies for two of his books. Had probably the wildest imagination in all our literature—a combination of Lucius Apuleius and a suburban magazine writer who has read Freud. Night Life of the Gods has gone through twelve editions. No one knows how Smith became a writer or how he got that way. His first literary effort was a poem ridiculing the then Secretary of the Navy. It was printed in the New York Herald, the paper paying nothing for the verses. Father Smith, an officer in the navy, appreciating his son's satiric shafts, sent him twenty-five dollars. Smith was born at the Naval Academy in Annapolis in 1892, educated at Dartmouth, was sailor in the war, lived in Greenwich Village in its halcyon days with Sinclair Lewis, Jack Reed, and other such blades.

★ ★ THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN

THE PLAYERS: Will Rogers, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Louise Dresser, Mickey Rooney, Berton Churchill, Frank Melton, Robert McWade, Stepin Fetchit. Directed by John Blystone. From the play by George Ade.

IN The County Chairman, Will Rogers is again seen as a provincial politician, still up to all his old tricks and still guiding the path of young love. Closely patterned after Judge Priest, this latest picture has little of the charm or interest of its predecessor, and even the loquacious Mr. Rogers seems a bit weary of the same old role.

Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor furnish what will have to be called love interest. Neither of them particularly glamorous, they suffer from their roles, which have them consulting Rogers on every step in their vapid love life. This alone is bound to make them, presumably adults, seem a trifle sappy.

Any review of Mr. Rogers's last few films will let you know enough about this one, which follows the well worn path, even to having Berton Churchill, as the slick urbane politician, foiled again by the homely wit of America's favorite commentator.

VITAL STATISTICS: As on the stage, it took talk on the screen to make Will Rogers famous, his silent films not overheating the b. o. with activity. When George Ade writ the original play from which the film was made, Will was being the Cherokee Kid in Wild West shows, and not considered funny. Ade did the play for Maclyn Arbuckle in 1902. It ran at the old Wallack's Theater (ask grammaw where it lay). Will Rogers has no use for trains, preferring wings. Yet he made his reputation from a horse. He sings in this film. Likes pictures with one change—from a blue suit to a brown—made in the back of a car on the lot. Hates evening clothes. Thinks you often can't see the actor for the duds. Hates phones—wouldn't have one on his Santa Monica estate for years. Now only his family, the Fox Studio, and his secktry know the number. Still, the phone's there to stay, they say. Hardest man in the world to interview—since he asks the interviewer all the questions. Knocks on wood—his only superstition—before playing a scene. Once got $15,000 for fifteen radio minutes—all-time tops. Gave it to charity. Gets about $7,500 now. Keeps it. Gets all sorts of fan gifts, mostly running to the homely: jams, jellies, homemade cakes, handkerchiefs, chewing gum, and recently some one sent him a handsomely embossed jewel box containing three polished cockleburs. They were tendered as porcupine eggs by some durned old wag. . . . Among the ancient props used in the film is an Oldsmobile, vintage of 1900. It refused to run until a prop feller with swell mechanical hands got to work on it. Then it became a problem to stop it. The Oldsmobile was made by the R. E. Olds Bicycle Works. 'Member, grampaw? . . . Evelyn Venable is the gal who refused to be kissed in pictures as per contract. Recently married her cameraman. . . . Frank Melton scaled the studio fence to crash pictures, bee-lining for Henry King's office, who was then casting State Fair, and busting in on King in comical fashion. Got the job and long-term contract to boot. . . . Hollywood fashion note: Sam Hellman, scenarist on picture, asked an autograph hunter at studio restaurant why he wanted his (Sam's) name. Autograph bug replied: "Well, you don't wear a hat, your clothes don't look so good, but you drove up in a Ford car with a chauffeur. You must be important to get away with that!"

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

★★★—The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On.

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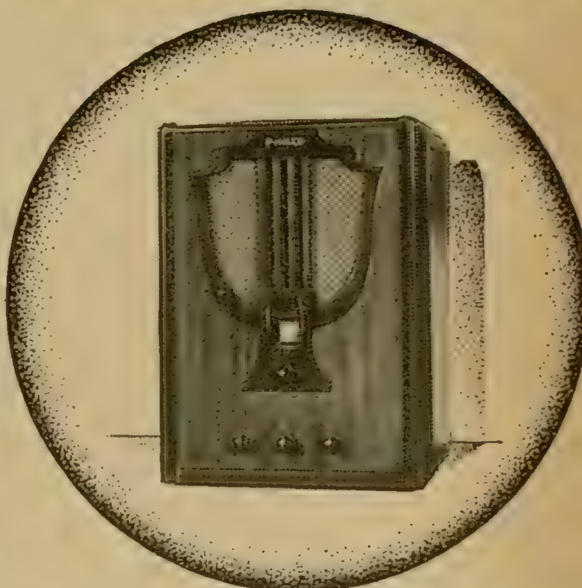

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GEWGAWS

A Short Short Story

by FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

JUNE TOLLIVER stared at the gaudy magazine cover which hid the cracked corner of her mirror. Dave Maddox, who had brought the picture up from Winston-Salem, said the smiling blonde girl on it was June's "spittin' image."

The magazine beauty wore about her neck an incredible collar of sapphires, rubies, and diamonds. June wondered how such jewels might be obtained. Once, in her father's battered cowhide trunk, she had come upon a brooch; but he had refused to let her wear it, saying roughly that she had no need for "gewgaws." But that did not alter her feminine desire for them, especially with a nice boy like Jim Blake coming to call.

June went to the wall of the room and lifted a bit of plaster from between two of the rough-hewn logs, revealing a ring set with a carved blue stone. She took it out, slipped it on her finger—the third finger of her left hand. The gold band was much too loose, but it was still possible to pretend, in the secrecy of her room at least, that some nice boy had given it to her. Her father had gone to Asheville, and the blue stone winked temptingly. When Jim's car rattled into the clearing, she went to meet him with the ring still on—its setting, however, turned in. Dave Maddox might be hanging around.

Jim stood outside the cabin door, smiling. In his store clothes he looked almost like a furriner. That was because he had been working at a garage place over at Asheville the past year. A fine-looking boy, Jim. The Blakes, from over on Crabtree, were spring-water folks, every one said, and held their heads high.

June glanced down at the bench by the door. "Won't you set?" she said.

"Why"—Jim nodded toward his rusty car—"I was aimin' to carry you down to Blackbird, honey. Zeke Whedbee's givin' a barn dance tonight."

June shook her head. "My pappy don't hold with fiddle frolics."

"No harm in 'em I can see—effen you're with the right fellow."

"Reckon I'll have to wait, then, till he comes along."

"Look a-here, honey. What do you think I been ridin' up Little Smoky for all these weeks?"

"Some folks say you come lookin' for trouble. Dave Maddox says you better go on back where you belong."

With mischief in her eyes, June turned the gold band on her finger. The blue stone, against the white of her dress, matched the vivid color of them. She glanced at Jim sidewise, hoping to surprise some flash of jealousy in him.

© Pirie Macdonald

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER *left a successful engineering career to follow an equally successful one as novelist, playwright, motion-picture and short-story writer. He lives in Maryland, was graduated from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and wrote his first book, The Green God, in 1911.*

"Where did you get that, honey?" He bent to examine it.

"Effen I told you some other boy give it to me—" June began. The sight of Dave Maddox coming into the clearing stopped her. He carried a rifle in the crook of his arm, and from the lurch of his walk June knew that he had been drinking.

"Well, purty-boy," he said, staring at Jim, "what you aimin' to do here with my girl?"

"Your girl, eh?" Jim asked quietly. "Then I reckon you gave her this!" He seized June's hand, thrust the bright blue stone beneath Dave Maddox's nose.

Dave regarded it craftily, his immediate purpose served.

"Reckon I did, purty-boy. June and me's fixin' to git married. Tonight. I'm carryin' her back home with me. Over to Tennessee. So you better run along."

June stood rigid with terror, understanding what he had in mind to do—with her father away. That was bad. She had always been a little afraid of Dave.

"That ring," Jim said, "belonged to a boy I knew over at Asheville. College boy. This was his class ring—got the numbers on it. Seems as how he went on a walkin' trip through the hills last month—never came back. Sheriff over there thinks he might of been murdered for his money. Says he was last heard of round here. His old man got me made special deputy, thinkin' I might find him."

"Dave didn't give me the ring." June's lips were a hard scarlet line. "I found it. That boy came along here one day. Pap told him to set and eat. Before he would, he asked could he wash his hands. After he'd gone I found the ring layin' by the basin. Said he'd be back this way, so—I kept it for him. Didn't know he'd been killed."

"You tell your father about the ring?" Jim asked.

"No. My pappy don't hold with gewgaws."

Dave sneered. "Effen that's all you want to know, Mister Deputy, better run along. My girl and I want to talk."

"I'm stayin'," Jim said, looking at June. "Lessen you tell me to go."

"Might as well, Jim." June's eyes were cold blue steel. "You said you came to see me. Reckon all you were after was jest a murderer." She turned to Dave Maddox with a smile. "Effen we're to get over to Tennessee, Dave, without pap stoppin' us, better take this boy's car. Give me that gun, honey; I'll hold it on him while you find the key."

Dave, with a jubilant, half-drunken laugh, handed her the rifle. Had he known more about June Tolliver's smiles, he would have been less surprised when he suddenly found himself staring into the still muzzle of it.

"Effen you was lookin' for a murderer, Jim," June went on softly, "reckon you've found one. When that boy forgot his ring, I went up the hill after him—saw him talkin' to Dave Maddox near his still. Dave paid pap twenty dollars he owed him next day—and borrowed a long-handled shovel!"

Dave Maddox turned to run. At the same instant Jim Blake's left whipped out against his jaw. With a dismal groan, Dave collapsed on the grass.

Swinging around to June, Jim drew a small sparkling object from his pocket. His manner was apologetic.

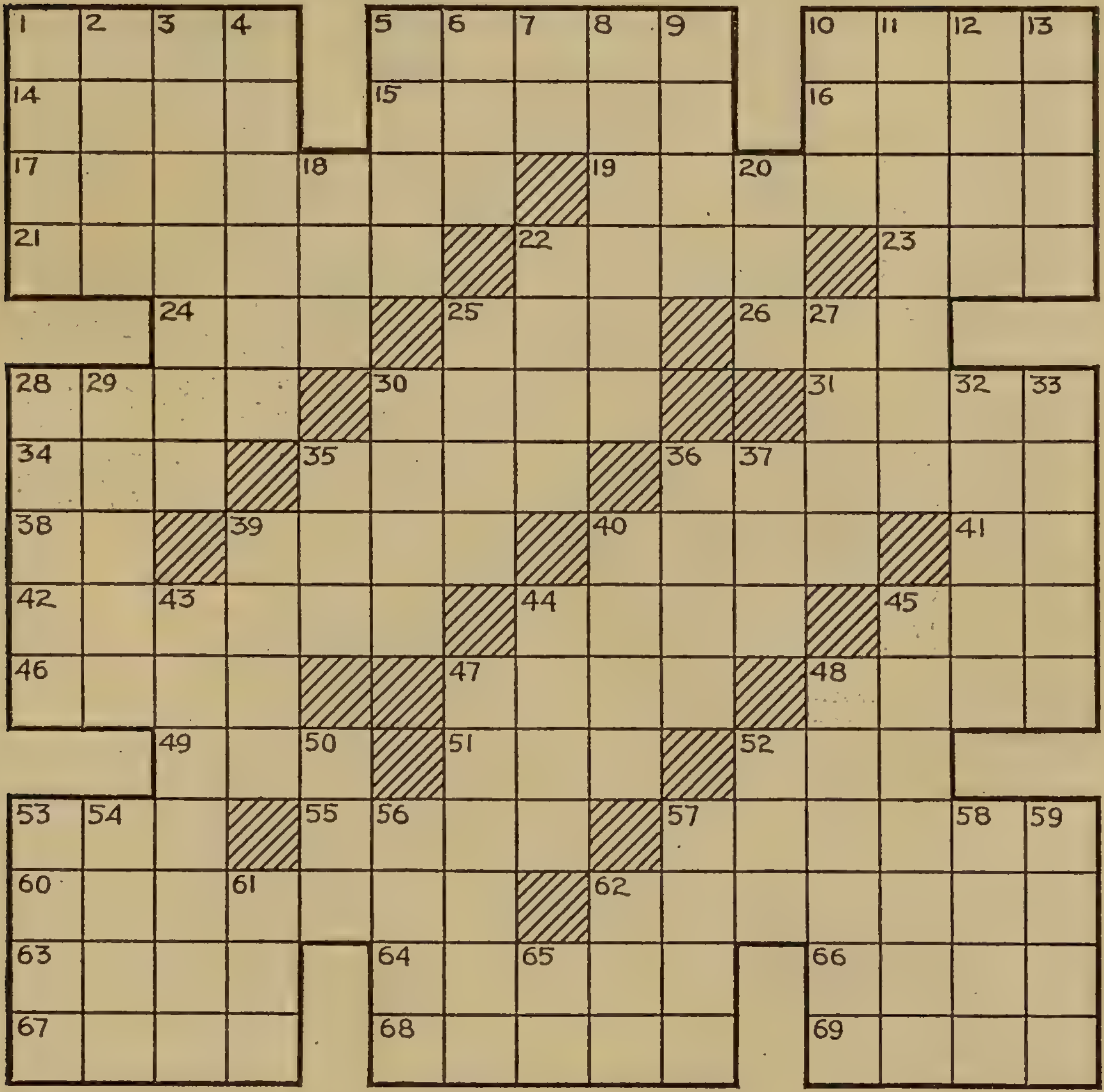
"Maybe I *did* come lookin' for a murderer," he said. "But I was lookin' for a girl, honey, too. Brought this in case I found her. I was aimin' to ask you tonight."

June touched the gay little gem. "Reckon you'll have to ask my pappy about my wearin'—gewgaws."

THE END

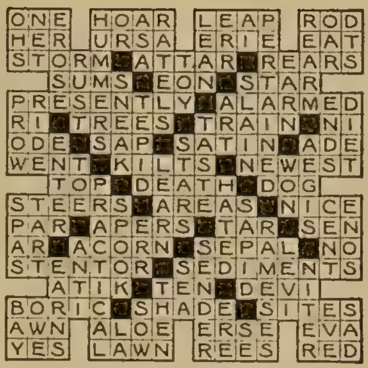
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Business matters of gross importance
5 Festive grocery grab
10 The kind of pal Gracie Allen thinks dear
14 What they spill on the troubled waters of Toity-toid Street
15 You'll swear by these
16 "Get out of the way, you darned fool driver!"
17 Webster claims he's some one who wails in a low, monotonous tone.
19 You'll have to take chances on this word (plural)
21 Keen arguments
22 What carriages used to be for Sundays
23 Is in Germany
24 Gardens near New York City
25 Big striker around London
26 I blacker
28 Give the double O
30 Chin music
31 Pretty terrible
34 Whatamans!
35 Where good vegetables come from
36 A miner in the West
38 Half bite
39 The Chinese make light of this
40 Stormy Irishman from way back
41 This's controlled by the Mrs. (abbr.)
42 Town which's famous for witches (plural)
44 Cooler at sea
45 A couple for Mussolini
46 Favorite old 'Ginny dance
47 Press agent
48 The thorn in Hamilton's side
49 Small change in Paris
51 Press two lips
52 Schooners pass over this frequently



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ONE HOAR LEAP ROD
HER URSA ERIE EAT
STORM■ATTAR■REARS
  SUMS■EON■STAR
PRESENTLY■ALARMED
RI■TREES■TRAIN■NI
ODE■SAP■SATIN■ADE
WENT■KILTS■NEWEST
  TOP■DEATH■DOG
STEERS■AREAS■NICE
PAR■APERS■TAR■SEN
AR■ACORN■SEPAL■NO
STENTOR■SEDIMENTS
  ATIK■TEN■DEVI
BORIC■SHADE■SITES
AWN ALOE ERSE EVA
YES LAWN REES RED
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

53 What Mrs. Baba called her boy
55 This had a stable existence around 1880
57 Army walkout
60 Twelve years in the upper apartment
62 Beefer
63 Kernel in the old nut
64 This very often enjoys a big turnover at summer resorts
66 This took one of the world's most famous little Naps
67 The pulpit of commerce
68 Where the American Indians cut it a little thin on top
69 Soaks in cross words

VERTICAL

1 To park in a car on a lonely road with a lovely girl
2 We've got to do this more and more to get out of the red
3 These're always Russian up and down the steppes
4 Old slop
5 Hateful fellows
6 News-collecting agency
7 'Enry's 'eadpiece
8 What shirts do from ruthless laundrymen
9 He saw red and lost his head
10 Screwy
11 Crafty, not to mention grafty
12 Zeus's young hopeful
13 For fear that
18 Novel word
20 Full of beans
22 This can give you a bum steer
25 Hot dogs may satisfy but they can't do this
27 Cackle-berry shaped
28 Army cutup
29 To put a knife in the back
30 People pay big prices for these every winter at Miami
32 You can make a monkey out of this one
33 Slip
35 This makes mama hot in winter
36 Neck complaint
37 This made grandfather long, long ago
39 Cow-pasture pool
40 Midget cave for midget cave men
43 Loves in Boston
44 Four-year loafs at college are well this
45 Iron-manly
47 This'll make you give up something
48 Face butcher and hair mechanic
50 Collection of big guns (abbr.)
52 A sheepish cry that'll get your nanny
53 Preposition
54 Gold diggers dig for this
56 Notes from a whiskied tenor
57 Junior's school
58 An I. O. U.
59 Big times
61 An acorn that made good
62 How they started writing Columbia
65 Nationalism's early beginnings

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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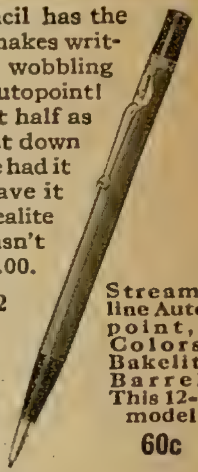

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Vox

SELLING CHARACTER LIKE ORANGES

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in January 12 Liberty, Damning Record of Youthful Criminals! Who Is to Blame? struck me more forcibly than anything I have read concerning the war on crime.

I have never held a desire to be a man-hunter, but my urge to keep boys and girls on the road to honesty and loyalty is strong.—*Clifford H. Buzick.*

INGLEWOOD, CALIF.—I read with great interest Bernarr Macfadden's editorial on youthful criminals. With its influence, national in scope, Liberty can do much to sell the ideals of character to youth. Sell character the same way we sell our oranges—by making it attractive; by creating a desire to possess it.—*Sidney J. Beer.*

KEARNY, N. J.—In my opinion, the chief cause for 98 per cent of our youthful criminals is that they were not given enough to eat in their homes. When a child is hungry and sees no honest way of obtaining food, he is likely to turn to any means to eat.—*Ganett Corson, Sr.*

HIC! HIC! HICCUPS?

HOWARD LAKE, MINN.—Are you ever troubled with hiccups? Yes? Well, here's a simple but sure way of stopping them within ten or fifteen minutes. Apply anything hot to the stomach—a hot-water bottle, hot towel, or a hot plate wrapped in a towel. Or, if you're not bone-dry, drink half a cup of strong whisky. I've never known these treatments to fail.—*W. J. Barth, Medical and Food Scientist.*

SAD RUSSIAN END OF LITTLE EVA

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—A friend who has just returned from Russia told of having witnessed a performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin over there. Since Russians no longer believe in a divinity, they changed the part where Little Eva dies and goes to heaven on invisible wires.

Little Eva got well, in the Russian production, and went to work in a cement factory.—*Bill Holmes.*

ONE-MAN COUNTRIES

BELLEVILLE, ONT.—The world today is full of one-man countries. This may or may not be a dangerous sign. A one-man country with a purpose, and the force and intent behind that purpose, could be an all-important factor in establishing permanent world peace. But it depends on the objective of that purpose, and the purpose depends on the one man who conceived and is directing it.

It would be wrong to say that all Italy is behind Mussolini. Rather is Mussolini behind all Italy. His purpose is to give his people economic security, but greater than this is his endeavor to create a national spirit and pride that will bow to no nation. But this is not as warlike as it sounds. Mussolini has a loud bark. Behind the bark are sharp teeth. But a dog that shows his teeth when it barks seldom has to bite.

Russia's purpose is to lift its masses to a state of economic plenty and national security. But I doubt if the force behind that purpose aims beyond her own far-flung borders. Gone is Germany's conceit of 1914, and she also is struggling for economic and national security.

The United States is trying to lift herself out of that capitalistic state she supposedly enjoys. Her purpose is not to collect war debts (albeit she wouldn't refuse them), nor to fight Japan, nor to conquer anybody. She has her hands full fighting the depression, and on Uncle Sam's door we hang the sign " Busy at Home."—*B. P. M.*

CIGAR-SMOKING BONNIE

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I was surprised to read in Will Irwin's Our New Civil War (January 12 Liberty) that federal officers tipped off the whereabouts of Clyde Barrow and the cigar-smoking Bonnie Parker. This information was supplied by the Texas State Highway Patrol, which did nothing else for fifty-three days but try to avenge the murder of two of their fellow patrolmen by the outlaws at Grapevine, Texas.—*John Hilton.*

EDINBURG, TEX.—The Sam Jones described by Will Irwin in Our New Civil War as head of the federal agents at San Antonio was in reality Gus Jones.—*Alex N. Murphree.*

WHAT! NO UNDIES?

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA—If Mrs. Lydia Reynolds feels that silk underwear undermines a girl's moral restraint, what would she say if she knew that a large percentage of girls wear no underwear at all—much to dress saleswomen's embarrassment?—*Mrs. M. L. Brown, silk-wearing but respectable.*

TUB-THUMPING SAVONAROLA

PITTSBURGH, PA.—The Amazing Career of Father Coughlin, by Edward Doherty, strikes me as having been unfair to a great man who is waging a brilliant campaign to get us out of the depression.

In the concluding chapter, January 5 Liberty, a quotation is referred to which, indirectly, would lead many readers to believe Father Coughlin was anti-Semitic. Yet no reference was made to his other statements showing clearly that he is not against the Jews.—*George T. Ludlow.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—If Father Coughlin is a sincere religionist, shouldn't he stick to his cloth and leave the flag-waving and Utopian theorizing to the Brain Trusters and kindred panacean idealists? It seems incredible that any rational person should take our twentieth-century tub-thumping Savonarola at all seriously.—*F. H. Kennedy.*

OREGON UNKNOWN?

EUGENE, ORE.—What's the matter with Oregon? Most every other state gets a lot of publicity—especially *California.* And California may have its highbrows, 115 degrees in the shade, and Los Angeles snowstorms (I've seen some of 'em). But there's no state got it over Oregon for climate, productivity, natural resources, scenery, good fishing and hunting, good roads, and good people.

Why don't somebody tell the rest of the world about the forgotten, *unknown* state—Oregon?—*Talbert Preuit.*

LOVABLE GIRLS AND EGOTISTICAL SAPS

PENN STATE, PA.—May I commend Paul Loomis on Darn Kid in January 5 Liberty? The story was interesting, original, and entertaining.—*F. W. Hunsicker.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Boy, was Darn Kid swell! It was the kind of story I like to read over and over again. So humanly young and gay.

We want stories of cute, fiery, lovable girls and handsome, egotistical saps.—*Renée Lane.*

A MODERN CASANOVA

SHAUNAVON, SASK.—I enjoyed Murder of Dr. Casanova immensely, but why the title? The victim was Dr. Dinny O'Day. Please explain.—*L. E.*

[Because of his many love intrigues, Dr. Dinny was a modern Casanova.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WANTED: THE KIDNAPER OF ALICE STOLL

THOMAS H. ROBINSON, JR., alias T. H. Robinson, Jr., charged with the kidnaping of Mrs. Alice Speed Stoll from her home in Louisville, Kentucky, last October 10. His description, given out by the Division of Investigation, United States Department of Justice, is as follows: Fingerprint classification, 21 27 W over 15 rW 20; age, twenty-seven years; height, six feet; weight 149 pounds; build, slender; hair, black; eyes, gray; complexion, fair; occupation, attorney's clerk.

Any information concerning his whereabouts should be rushed to the Division of Investigation, United States Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., or to its nearest division agent.

[The above is published at the request of the Stoll family in Louisville.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HANDY DANDY

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Thanks for the calendar on the cover of January 5 Liberty. I cut mine out and pasted it in my desk, and it is a handy dandy reference.—*Mrs. Leo J. Henault.*

FILIPINOS MIGHT NOT AGREE

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Colonel Edward M. House's article, Is England Forming an Alliance with Japan? in December 22 Liberty, presents a remarkable contrast between the clearness and comprehensiveness of his statement of the problem, and the weakness and appar-

Pop

ent futility of the two concluding paragraphs suggesting a course of action which, it is hoped, might forestall developments unfavorable to the United States.

Those last paragraphs propose that the United States, in evacuating the Philippines, should reserve the right to return and fortify them, if it seemed wise. The object of this reservation was to cause the British to give up the thought of an understanding with Japan.

There is only one short sentence that is in touch with reality: "We would be committing ourselves to nothing."

Outside the United States this reservation would not be regarded as being made in good faith. If the United States did decide to return, it would precipitate the exact unfavorable developments it had been hoped to forestall, especially if the situation in Europe was acute at the time. It would be too late to fortify.

And if Japanese propaganda worked with characteristic efficiency in the interval between evacuation and the proposed return, the Filipinos might not agree that American fortifications were to their interest, and might show their resentment in embarrassing ways. If the United States took the line of least resistance, she could not resent Great Britain doing likewise.—*William Ross.*

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Colonel House's article in December 22 Liberty spoke the whole truth. I hope the people of North America give it serious thought.—*G. W. O.*

POT SHOTS

WILMINGTON, N. C.—Walter Winchell doesn't care who he takes pot shots at. That's why I liked his article, Portrait of a New Yorker, in January 12 Liberty.—*Raney Bryant.*

MR. FILENE AND THE SMALL BORROWER

BOSTON, MASS.—I am greatly disturbed by an article entitled Gouging the N. J. Small Borrower, which appeared in a recent issue of a weekly publication (not Liberty). The writer of the article had neither written nor interviewed me.

The subject matter had to do with the small-loans business; and although the writer had accurate data available for his use from the Twentieth Century Fund, he asserts in the article that I had estimated the business of two of the loan companies which operate under the Uniform Small Loan Law as having an operating fund of $1,280,000,000, with yearly profits of $500,000,000.

I have at no time made such an obviously grotesque estimation. According to the studies of the Twentieth Century Fund on this subject, the figures, as of 1929, indicate that the loan funds of the two companies mentioned in the article were $62,000,000 instead of $1,280,000,000; that their net income for 1929 was about $8,000,000 instead of $500,000,000.

There is, of course, much controversy regarding the solution of the small-loans problem. While my own interest lies exclusively in the solution offered by the extension-of-credit unions throughout the United States for the purpose of promoting thrift among the people and creating an agency whereby they can solve their own short-term credit problems, I have no criticisms to make of any other constructive effort to provide credit for the masses.

Incidentally, I have the greatest respect for the public-service work of the Russell Sage Foundation.—*Edward A. Filene, President, William Filene's Sons Company.*

WHAT THEN, FAIR LADIES?

PORT ARTHUR, TEX.—Women in Business, by Rose Heylbut (December 29 Liberty), should be read by all thinking persons. The entry of women into the commercial field has brought about the abandonment of the home; it has caused untold human suffering, moral deterioration, and the defeat of true child welfare. How our government, or any business man, can employ a married woman is beyond conception.

Nothing is to be gained. One family may be helped, but the social and economic welfare of another family is destroyed—another family, where the father must fight alone for the livelihood of his loved ones. Woman in business destroys man's opportunities today. But tomorrow, when she has grown too old to work, she will have to depend upon his support and protection. What then, fair ladies?—*T. W. Feuge.*

THE LITTLE RED SEALS

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I wish to extend to Liberty our appreciation for its outstanding contribution to the Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign in a full-page advertisement in its December 15 issue.

It is impossible to calculate the far-reaching value of this generous contribution and I am sure that it has won for Liberty the gratitude of anti-tuberculosis workers throughout the country. —*E. A. Meyerding, M.D., Executive Secretary, Minnesota Public Health Association.*

WE USED A GEOGRAPHY

KENILWORTH, ILL.—As a junior in high school, I find that Liberty is just the right size to stick in a notebook and read in a study hall.—*Ricardo Leonardo.*

NO PRECEDENT FOR LINCOLN

DALLAS, TEX.—Its critics claim the New Deal upsets the "established order." So did Christianity and the American Revolution. They say that common ordinary folk are given undue and unearned consideration.

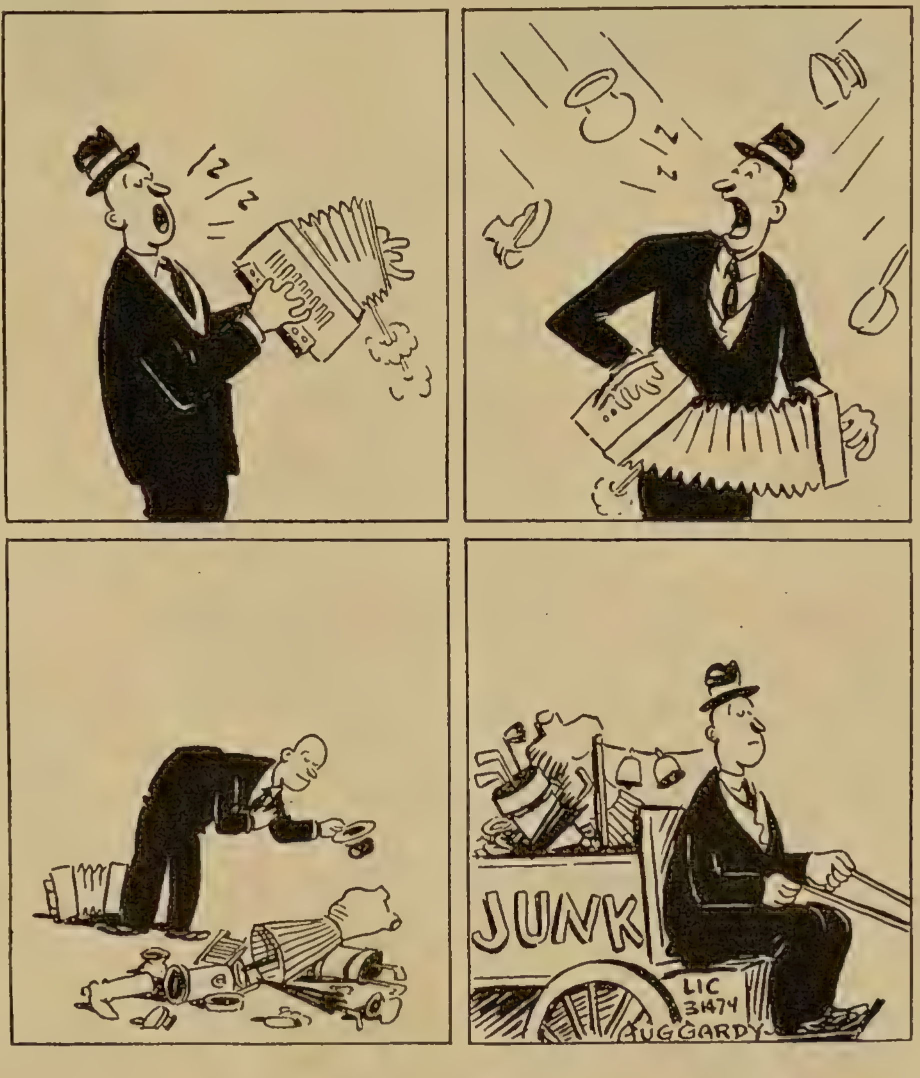
Every despot from the dawn of history has said the same thing.

They say the "old order" is the best. So were hand scythes, oxcarts, tallow candles, and witch scares. They say they have rights under the Constitution. So did slave dealers and slave owners.

They say there is no precedent for the New Deal. Neither was there for Abraham Lincoln.—*George L. Payne.*

POULCAT

CANON CITY, COLO.—Harking back to Paul Annixter's fine story, Hunter's Moon, in September 8 Liberty, and the subsequent argument in Vox Pop over the method used by a skunk in attacking an enemy, I would like to add that the skunk and the polecat are different animals. The polecat has a natural appetite for chicken and is normally a poultry thief. That is where he gets his name—rightfully spelled *poul*cat. Occasionally a skunk may be found helping himself to a nice fry, but he would be a depraved skunk with a perverted appetite. The one animal could never be taken for the other, when seen.—*S. T. Burgess.*



By AUG GARDY

$2,000
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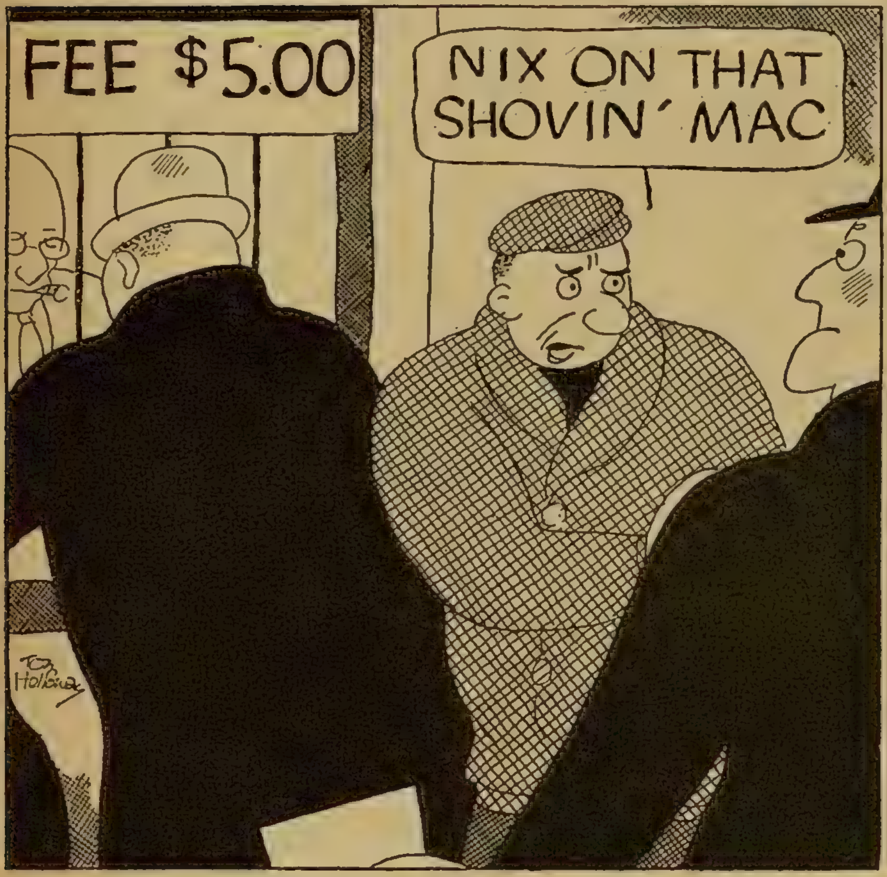
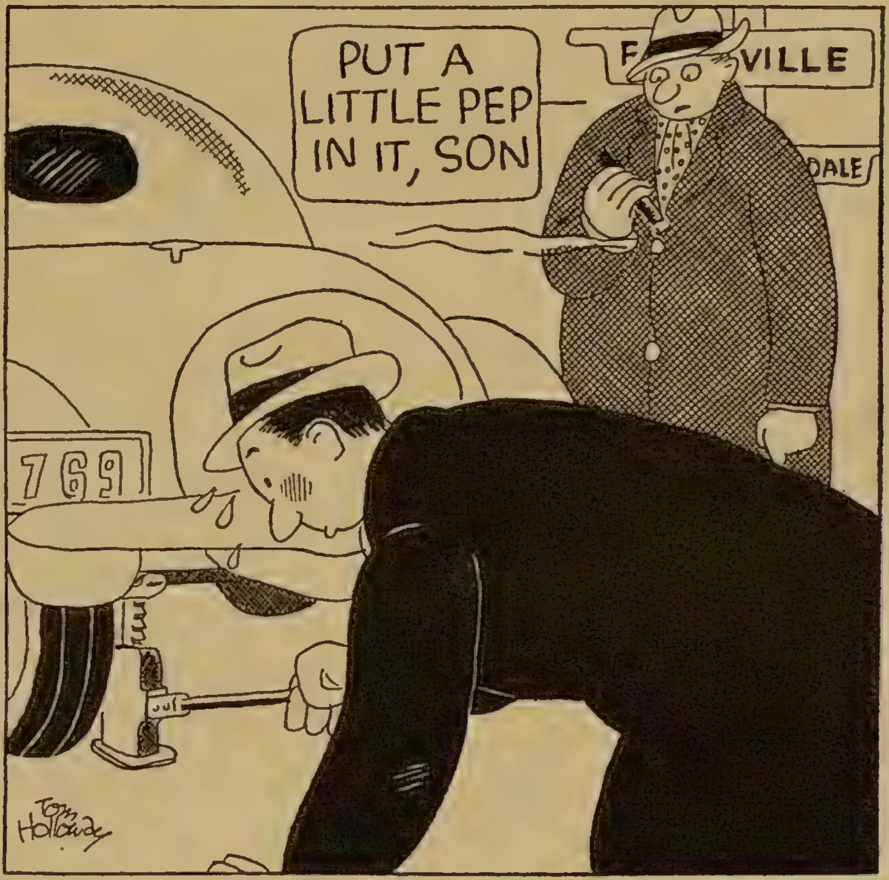
GAME OF CITIES

IF YOUR ENTRY IS UP TO DATE YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS STILL EXCELLENT!


FEE $5.00
NIX ON THAT SHOVIN' MAC
Tom Holloway

PICTURE NO. 17

Name of City.................................



PICTURE NO. 18

Name of City.................................

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which one of the cities or towns interests you most, and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 6, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

WHEN you have extracted the name of a city from each of this week's drawings, only two more drawings will stand between you and the finish line. Next week will bring this Game of Cities to a close. In other words, the day of rewards for successful contestants—and your chance to be among them is excellent if you have played the game consistently—is almost at hand. If you have kept up your entry to this point, by all means finish it next week and send it in. You may be the one to win the $500 cash first prize!

Keep your entry simple. Do not spend time or money on elaboration or decoration which will have absolutely no influence on the final results. Instead check and recheck for accuracy if you have extra time. And give consideration to the subject of your brief statement to comply with Rule 3. That is important!

THE FINAL CONTEST DRAWINGS WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Daffy and his bride and Dizzy and Mrs. Dizzy—she's the brothers' business manager—on the beach at Ship Island.

THOSE DIZZY, DAFFY DEANS

How They Got That Way and How Good They Are—A Look at Baseball's Two-Man Circus

by DICK WILLIAMS

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A MIDSUMMER sun seared the turf of St. Louis's Sportsmans Park. Four thousand baseball fans lolled in the stands, perspiring. It was intensely humid. The Cardinals finished their infield practice spiritlessly and slumped toward the bench.

From the dugout debouched a figure in a great raccoon coat—over which was thrown a heavy woolen blanket!—and a coonskin cap of the Daniel Boone school.

The figure began piling bits of paper and sticks in a heap before the Cardinal dugout. Then it squatted, lighted the heap with a match, and stretched great bony hands above the flames.

The sweltering fans broke into peals of merriment. The Cardinals shed their torpor in a gale of guffaws.

Dizzy Dean removed the coat and blanket and cap and shambled out to the pitcher's box to lead them to a 4-3 victory over the New York Giants. Baseball's most astounding showman had out-Ruthed Ruth again.

Poverty stalked the Deans in the boyhood years of Jay Hanna Dean and his brother Paul. Jay Hanna went into the United States army when he was sixteen, and there he discovered that the talent he'd shown in his two high-school years in Holdenville, Oklahoma, was not a boyhood flash. He actually was quite a baseball player, an amazing pitcher.

He was pitching for an army team in Houston when Don Curtis, a scout for the Cardinals, told him, "You're just as good as you think you are, kid."

"I am, eh?" said Dizzy to himself. "Well, from now on I think I'm the best doggone pitcher in baseball!"

Today no unprejudiced student of the game disputes that he is the greatest National League pitcher since Grover Alexander, if not since Christy Mathewson. Dean himself merely laughs and admits he's better than either.

He has given himself three native states—Arkansas, Tennessee, and Oklahoma—although his father says he was born Jay Hanna (not Jerome Herman) Dean at Lucas, Arkansas, in 1911. "Why should the great Dean be a sap and have just one birthplace?" he asks. "The more you have, the more people'll be reading the papers to see how the home-town boy is getting along."

He can tell you in a few words why he's a better pitcher than Carl Hubbell: he can stand more work, and he can drive in plenty of runs. "I made a hitter out of myself," he says, "because I didn't wanta be losing them close ones all the time. Close counts only in horseshoes where I come from."

And he has yet to fall down on a boast. He said he'd lead the

Keystone View photos

Dizzy doubled in brass to give the Tigers, on their home grounds, a razz on the bass tuba before the second World Series game opened. Their idea of a comeback was to win the game.

"HAVE A HEART.."

Read THIS TIMELY HEALTH HINT

At this time of year it is desirable to give your dog a tonic. It may ward off serious troubles. Give "SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS." Sold by druggists and pet supply dealers everywhere.

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Have you a dog at your house? Would you like to know how to care for him? How to keep him well and strong? Then, accept with our compliments a copy of "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." Written by a veterinarian and published by the firm that has been scientifically investigating dog ailments and their treatment since 1879. 46-pages (illustrated). Full of information the dog owner should have if he wishes to keep his dog healthy. Just send us your name. The book will be sent at once. FREE. Postpaid. It may easily save your dog's life. Write for it NOW.

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Even if you're all thumbs you can do a fine job of repairing quickly—loose casters, holes in tile, plaster or wood, broken chair, nicks, cracks, loose drawer pulls, etc.—with this canned wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it. It's wonderful. Try it. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD for 25c a tube, 35c a can.

National League in strike-outs in his first year as a regular, and he did. He said he and Paul would win forty-five games and the pennant in 1934. They did. He won thirty and Paul won eighteen.

Before the World's Series, he said, "The Cardinals'll make kittens out of them Tigers and Paul and me will win four games." It all came true. Between them the two won four games in seven days, each winning two.

Dizzy might have ended the World Series in six games if Manager Frisch hadn't sent him into the game as a pinch runner. A throw by Shortstop Rogell of the Tigers struck him on the forehead and he was unconscious for fifteen minutes.

The following day he had a lump on his head that, in his own words, made it necessary for him to wear two caps, and a splitting headache. He pitched and was beaten, by a run. He came back with only a day's rest, and, after Paul had won the sixth game, won the seventh with a shut-out, eclipsing a World's Series record.

In the latter innings of that seventh game he deliberately struck out. He had a nine-run lead and he wanted to keep Detroit from scoring. "I couldn't see any percentage in wearing myself down chasing useless runs across the plate when I had a chance for a record shut-out," he said.

When he swung at the third strike, Mickey Cochrane, Detroit manager and catcher, held the ball out to him, obviously in the suggestion that he might want to look at it. Dean took the ball, reached for his breast pocket as if extracting a fountain pen, pretended to autograph the ball, and handed it back to Cochrane with a bow from the hips and a dignified lifting of his cap. Even Cochrane joined in the laugh.

Dizzy admits he wins because he's smart. "I'm too good for them monkeys," he says. Then he adds a precept that he seems to have invented: "Don't pitch your arm off to the good hitters. They're liable to hit you anyway. They even hit a Dean sometimes. But the bums—they're the ones to work on. If you don't put a bum on base, the good hitters can't drive him in."

TODAY Dizzy Dean, for all his eccentricities, is the idol of every member of the Cardinal team. It wasn't always so. When he first joined the club in training he was crude and bumptious. Within a week he was involved in all manner of petty scrapes. Before the training season was over he'd borrowed an entire season's salary and spent it. Clarence Lloyd, club secretary, finally put him on an allowance of a dollar a day.

The Cardinals began to ride him. They called him Dollar Dean. "Wait until the season starts," he said. "I'll be buying and selling you clowns."

He pitched his first game against the Athletics in the training camp, and shut them out for the three innings he was allowed to remain in. The next morning he didn't appear for practice. Gabby Street, Cardinal manager then, found him on a downtown street corner spellbinding a group of gawking natives and tourists.

"Listen here, you lunk-headed busher, you!" said Mr. Street. "What's the idea of skipping practice?"

Dizzy Dean anointed a small hoptoad with tobacco juice. "Say," he said. "Get the rest of your ham-and-eggers in shape and Dean will be ready. I don't need to train to show up that league of yours."

Street promptly suspended him. Branch Rickey took him aside. "Jerome," he said, "you have a great gift. It can make you comparatively wealthy—give your daddy and mother and brothers the things they've never had and they deserve. You're hurting them, not yourself. Why not forget this stuff?"

THE great Dean shuffled out of that interview pretty thoroughly chastened. Temporarily his rebellious spirit was tamed. But it was only temporary.

Those who follow the Cardinals seldom see Dean on the bench. If he isn't pitching, he takes a baseball and shuffles down to the bull pen with bull-pen catcher Frank Healey. He remains there all afternoon unless he's called upon. It keeps the fans' minds on him.

"Don't hide on the bench," is one of his maxims. "Keep yourself before the mob."

In his first National League game, in the fall of 1930, he actually shut out the Pittsburgh Pirates. The following spring he was sent back to Houston to help the Cards' Texas League team win a pennant. He didn't mind it a bit. The spring before he had met a young woman from Gulfport, Mississippi, named Patricia Nash. Later her parents removed to Houston, and she found Dizzy there, the idol of the Texas League.

There have been stories that Dizzy and his bride were married on the home plate in the Houston ball park. This Mrs. Dean brands as a base canard.

By the time he returned to St. Louis his younger brother Paul had become one of his chief topics of conversation. So the Cardinals told Scout Curtis to go down to Houston and look Paul over. Anything or anybody that would cause Dizzy to leave off talking about himself must be pretty good, they reasoned.

The following year Paul was at Springfield, another Cardinal farm, and a year later he was the leading pitcher of the Columbus club of the American Association. One year later he was co-starring with Dizzy. He won his first game in the National League within three days after the season opened, and he was a regular from that hour on. Dizzy watched every move Paul made on the mound. If Paul started to throw a curve when Dizzy believed a fast ball was needed, he would shout from the bench, "Whoa, there—back up, back up!"

Obediently Paul would back up, peer briefly at the bench, and then nod to his catcher. He'd then pitch whatever big brother had ordered. "The funny part is," Paul would explain, "I don't think he's ever been wrong. He's the smartest pitcher in the business and if it wasn't for him I wouldn't get anywhere."

Taciturn, almost dour, the direct antithesis of Dizzy, big lumbering moody Paul meant what he said. In return Dizzy would say, "Boys, he's got a fast ball! Say, that fast ball of hisn would make mine look like one of them racing yachts!" Then he would add, "Now if he just had my change of pace—man, oh, man!"

Paul soon reached a first-year record of eight games won and one lost. Then some one got Dizzy's ear. Here was Paul, the second-best pitcher in the league (Diz, of course, was the best), working for a meager three thousand dollars a year!

For a time Dizzy laughed at the propaganda. But one day as President Sam Breadon and General Manager Branch Rickey sat in their office, the Deans walked in.

"Me 'n' Paul's through unless Paul gets another three grand for this year's work," Dizzy announced briefly.

President Breadon moaned once. Rickey got into action.

"Why, Jerome," he began, "that would make his salary six thousand—within fifteen hundred of as much as the greatest pitcher in baseball is getting."

"I don't care how close he comes to my pay," Dizzy said. "He's entitled to three grand more."

RICKEY was thinking fast. "Jerome, my boy," he resumed sepulchrally, "a contract's a contract. You wouldn't dishonor your own signature, would you? And you wouldn't ask your younger brother to dishonor his?"

"Not unless you don't give him another three grand," Dizzy assured Rickey at once, while Paul stood by, gulping.

Then began the most amusing strike in baseball annals. It lasted for forty-eight hours. Reliable reports say that Paul got the entire increase.

Dizzy went along to win twelve straight ball games, and Paul, after faltering momentarily, took to pitching low-score games and shut-outs again. Came midsummer and the club was scheduled to play an exhibition game in Elmira. Dizzy was to go to Elmira with a gang of substitutes and second-stringers. The rest of the club went on to Pittsburgh for a one-day rest.

As the Elmira train pulled out of Philadelphia, Dizzy wasn't aboard. He was discovered on the Pittsburgh train.

"Whatinell's the idea?" Frisch demanded. "I told you to go to Elmira—you were advertised to appear there!"

Dizzy shuffled his feet. "Well, sir, boss, it's the blamedest thing for a smart fella like me to pull, but I'll be doggoned if I didn't get on the wrong train."

Along in August the Cardinals were to play an exhibition game in Detroit. The Deans were advertised to appear. They had pitched and won a double-header the day before and they were tired. So they stayed in St. Louis and rested. For this they were called into the office and fined, Dizzy one hundred dollars, Paul fifty.

DIZZY went to the clubhouse and ripped his uniform to shreds. Then he took Paul's and did the same thing. He tore up a couple of others. After that he took his and Paul's effects and went home, announcing that neither would pitch again until the fines were remitted.

Manager Frisch suspended both players. The situation created a tremendous uproar. Almost to a man the sports writers were with the Deans.

Finally Mrs. Dizzy, business manager to both Deans, stepped in. "Diz is right," she said, "but he can't win. We need the money. Paul does, too. They'll have to go back."

The following day Paul was back. Two days later Dizzy also was back. Whether or not the fines and other money the strike cost them were returned has not been revealed. But in view of the happenings in the closing days of the World Series, it is likely that Mrs. Dizzy has all that money in the Dean treasury today.

In October Manager Frisch announced that Dizzy, in spite of his heroic work in the last week of the regular season, would pitch in the first World Series game. Newspapermen asked him how he felt. Before he could speak Mrs. Dizzy said, "He is *not* going to pitch today. He hasn't had enough rest. I won't let him pitch."

"Aw, honey," Dizzy remonstrated.

"You don't pitch until you're rested," she said flatly.

But something must have happened to the hop on her fast ultimatum, for he pitched the game and won it.

Five years ago Dizzy was glad to get thirty dollars a month as a private in the army. Now shrewd baseball business men estimate his earnings for the season of 1934 and the months immediately following at $35,000.

Verily, the meek shall inherit the earth!

THE END

ANSWER TO THE LAMPPOST PUZZLE ON PAGE 26

Pat must have painted six more lampposts than Mike, no matter how many posts there were. Suppose twelve on each side: then Pat painted fifteen; Mike, nine. If a hundred on each side, Pat painted a hundred and three; Mike, ninety-seven.

When baby's head is STUFFED UP!

When baby has a cold, Mistol Drops give quick, soothing relief. Nothing helps a cold more than rest and sleep, but you can't sleep when your head is stuffed up, and you don't enjoy your food when you can't smell and taste.

If you want to have your head clear, enjoy your food and sleep peacefully, just buy a bottle of Mistol, put a few drops in each nostril and see how much better you feel immediately.

The nice part about Mistol is that it is so easy to use, is not messy and unlike many other products it contains no irritating ingredients and does not sting.

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Passport TO HELL

She was all that mattered—my only reason for being in Telik, my only hope of getting out.

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

THERE'S bloody trouble in Telik—trouble spawned in human greed, the lust for gold. John Sargent had no hand in its breeding, but he faces it to shield Alayne Greystone, whom he secretly loves.

Telik is the capital of a tiny country in the Orient, and Sargent is an ex-advertising copy writer from New York. Douglas Hambro, an English outcast, and Alayne's brother, Phil, are drilling for a gusher. They bring it in. Then things begin to happen.

Doc Gerrity, a gunrunner, and Joe, the bartender at the Royal and Chaldean Hotel, declare themselves in on the well. A mob of ruffians from Sweeney's Hotel, leftovers from better days in Telik, also demand a share. Gerrity kills one, Frome, and the victim's woman stabs Phil in the arm. King Furd, aged ruler of Telik, dies, and Urfa, an adjoining country, moves to annex Telik and confiscate the oil.

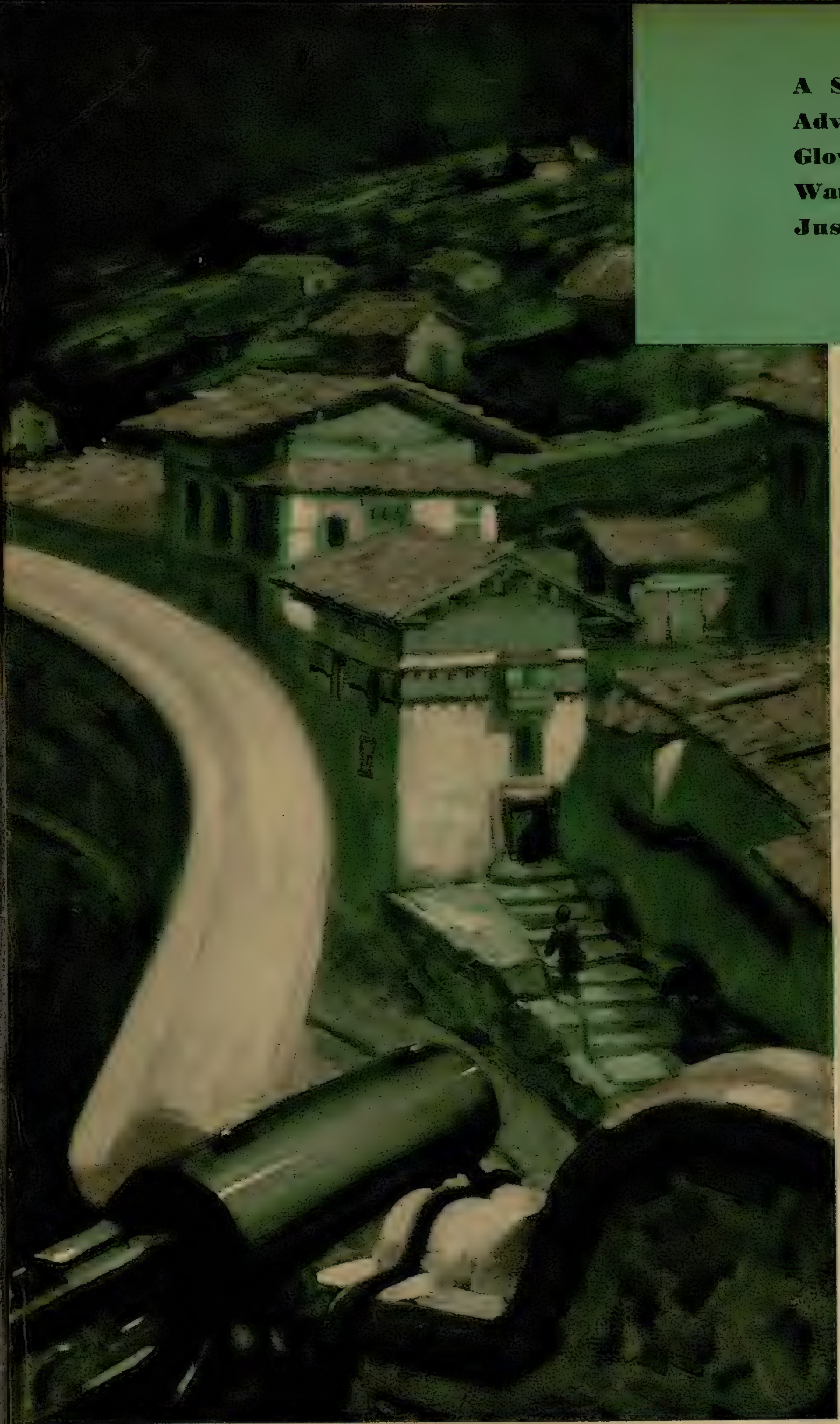
Furd ruled under an English protectorate. Hambro brings his young son to the Royal and Chaldean, declares him king, and sets up a regency of which Hambro is premier. Sidi and Adgidi, native leaders, are with him, and he hopes to maintain the protectorate and keep Urfa out. Sweeney's mob attacks the hotel in a desperate effort to seize the boy king; but Gerrity produces machine guns and the attack is repulsed. Great oil concerns rush agents to the scene.

Meantime Phil's wound becomes infected. A doctor must be had to save his life, but there is none in Telik. Sargent brings in Dr. Logan, an English army surgeon, from a near-by post, and he says Phil's arm must be amputated. Phil is delirious at the time. He believes he is back in America, involved again in the Carmichael case which drove him into hiding. Wildly he protests his innocence—then regains his senses and realizes that Dr. Logan is preparing to cut off his arm. He warns Logan off, and when the surgeon moves in on him,

A Stirring Tale of Swift Adventure Tinged with the Glow of Romance . . . Now Watch for the Climax! It's Just Around the Corner

by JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK



Phil pulls out a gun and shoots him. Logan is rushed in a plane to Douglasstown. Later, on the hotel roof, Sargent takes Alayne into his arms, although he knows Hambro loves her.

Sargent is telling the story.

PART SIX—"WHEN WE GET OUT OF HERE PERHAPS—"

ALAYNE clung to me, shaken with great dry sobs, and I tried—oh, so desperately—to comfort her. Then the tears came, and her face was wet with them against my lips. Suddenly she was all that mattered in the world—my only reason for being in Telik, my only hope of getting out. We are given such a moment once, if life is kind to us—never more than once; for it is not good for man to have the strength of the gods poured into his veins, whereby he becomes greater than they. I am glad my moment came to me in a time of danger and death, for I can look back upon it always and remember that once at least in this workaday world I was allowed to walk in the shadow of romance with a beautiful woman by my side—to protect her and fight for her as gentlemen fought for their ladies of old.

We stood apart presently, and her voice was low and soft to my ear:

"I hope I love you, John. I hope it isn't because of everything that has happened in the last two days. I don't think it is." She smiled.

I took her hands in both of mine.

"Alayne—you must listen to me."

Then suddenly I had nothing to say. We sat side by side on the parapet, holding each other's hands like frightened children alone in the dark. But there was a peace upon us—the peace of understanding that shrouded us like a visible garment, protecting us from all the outside things of the world. I cannot tell you what we thought—or what we believed.

"It *is* you," she whispered presently. "It was you that first morning at breakfast—when you said I was a girl from home and that I was to believe what you said you were." She threw back her head. "How old do you think I am? No, you don't have to tell me—I'll tell you. I'm twenty-seven. But I have been in places like this for so long—for almost all of my life—baking in the sun, making dresses from old magazines— But for

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IT'S GREAT STRAIGHT OR AS A MIXER
OLD MR. BOSTON NECTAR
APRICOT-BLACKBERRY-CHERRY

some reason it seems to me that I have spent all that time waiting for you, John. I hope that doesn't sound foolish. I don't want it to, because that waiting has been a very sacred part of my being."

She stood up at the parapet beside me, the faint breath of the desert in her hair. "Oil! I've followed it ever since I was a little girl. I hate it—oil—hate the sound of it, the thought," she whispered softly. "Spouting in lonely places in violence and death, so that smug people can have their cheap tinny cars and ride out of a Sunday."

She turned and kissed me on the hair above my forehead, holding my head lightly between her hands.

"Perhaps there is something else—somewhere. Perhaps we can find it. We'll call this moment a vision of what may be—shall we? When we get out of here, perhaps we can make that vision come true. John—I love you."

"Is that part of the vision?"

"No—that has always been real."

I left her at her brother's door, and I went down and sat in the lobby to smoke and to think.

It was ten minutes before twelve by the clock. Outside, a rifle butt crashed to the pavement in the hand of a sleepy sentry, and Hambro's footsteps pounded up and down past the windows. I could see him as he walked by the entrance, head bowed in thought and hands sunk deep in his trouser pockets.

Strange things they do to men in England—one transgression of the code, and damnation for the rest of eternity! The wrong woman, a bad check—small things in youth, perhaps. But no second chance. A cashiered officer is as the leper, to be shunned. No club will have him, no righteous man knows him, and his king will not let him wear the least of his livery again.

HAMBRO surprised me in my thought. On one of his turns, he stopped abruptly at the entrance, tossed away his cigarette, and came in. He stood for a moment in the doorway, staring at me. There were deep lines in his cheeks, and his face below his carefully combed hair was haggard and gray. The eyeglass was gone, and the old devil-may-care grin.

"I want you to know," he said slowly, "just what you've robbed me of tonight. Oh, I saw it!" He spread his hands helplessly. "No one could help seeing. Lovers cast only one shadow."

"And what is it to you?"

"I don't think you'll ever understand," he said softly; "and I don't give tuppence if you do or don't."

"I see. Well, in that case we'll drop the subject."

"Quite so." He nodded gravely. "I don't know what your plans are—"

"Whatever they are, they are mine."

"Quite so." He paused for a moment. "Now then, I'll tell you something. You know enough about me already to know what I am. I'm a beachcomber on ten quid a week. If my offense against society had been less heinous my allowance would have been less generous. It is hoped that the ten quid will eliminate me twice as quickly. But I've a strong stomach; hence I must have further amusement. I came here to get it.

"Never mind what my motives were when I started this Telik business. Tonight the wine of them is in your glass. But, motives or no, I'm sticking to what I have started here, and so are you! And because it never amuses me to be whipped, I'm not going to be whipped. Understand me. If I wanted you killed, I could do it with my two hands. I don't, particularly. Your life or death doesn't interest me now except as I can use you. My motive from now on is the noble one of pure rotten stubbornness only. I'm going to do this thing just to say I did.

"LISTEN to me. Gilder is in there"—he pointed to the bar—"promising Gerrity the protection of Urfa in the matter of his past transgressions if he'll swing the oil to R. M. E. The bartender is being offered the same guaranty. They'll not get immunity from Anglo Petroleum and the authorities in Douglasstown, so they may play Gilder's game. Gilder is the dirtiest rotter unhung. His word isn't worth the breath it's uttered with. He'd strip Telik to the bone and then turn against the people who helped him do it. And I'm to let him? Not much—and he knows it! That's why he's gone to work on Gerrity instead.

"Now you know half the plot of the story. The next chapter will be slightly interesting." He grinned. "But however it turns out, with Phil out of the picture I need another white man I can trust. That's why you will stick to what has been started, no matter what else you want to do. Do you understand me, Sargent?"

I punched out my cigarette and stood up.

"I understand everything except why you trust me."

He said, "If for any reason I find out that I can't trust you, the penalty for you will be a quick sticky one." He looked at me for a moment; then he smiled. "And if I didn't think you were an honorable man I would have killed you the moment you came down from the roof, to vindicate the small spark of formal decency I still have."

Hambro left me abruptly, and I went on duty for the twelve-to-two watch, putting in most of it on the roof, where I could pace each side slowly and keep an eye on the whole town in rotation.

There is some defense mechanism we have as animals, apparently, which springs into place when we are faced with continued danger, so that our minds may be free of the contemplation of it, in order that they may better think us out of it. Infantry veterans know this feeling, acrobats know it, flyers know it, and policemen know it. The presence of it, I believe, is what medals are passed out for. For I am definitely certain that there is no such thing as bravery in the abstract sense.

There on the parapet, with the desert night above me like a mood of pleasant heaviness—like the first spring breath of orange blossoms in La Jolla, a sense of unreality overcame me. It seemed to me that nothing of what had happened since my arrival in Telik was an actual fact, and that none of it was to be feared in consequence.

Perhaps it was Alayne that made me feel that way. This thing we so lightly call love in English, for want of a dozen or so more definite words which other languages enjoy, is capable of coming to us in so many disguises that it is the most verbally abused emotion in the gamut of human experience.

Hambro loved the girl with a desperate seeking for the decency she represented. He loved her violently and madly, as soldiers have loved since the first Roman legions crossed the Maritime Alps into Gaul—and before. But civilization had tamed the man from a sweating horseman in rusty armor to a slightly drunken gentleman in gray-flannel trousers, and he could not sweep her up to his saddle, heap her with stolen jewels, and carry her off to his goatskin tent. And that was all he knew of love.

YOU ask me how I know? I don't. It may have been in his eyes. Or perhaps because I loved Alayne too there was the wish in my mind that there was that in me that I felt in Hambro. There wasn't. But there was something far more important to me. There was the knowledge that I would never back down before him now—that he couldn't make me—and that if I died doing what I knew I was going to do, it would not matter.

That wasn't me—that was the strength Alayne had poured into me.

I am a plain hombre—and I've never looked like the fashion plates, no matter what I paid for clothes. I've taught myself most of what I know and I've gotten what little I have because I've worked for it. I guess it hits guys like that harder; but it hits them so much more completely and naturally that there doesn't seem to be any sense talking about it at all. The equation is simple. In the strongest of us, a sense of weakness hounds us all our lives—a sense of lonely fear. Some woman can banish that forever. It makes no difference how tall she is or how beautiful, whether she looks good in a bathing suit or what she does to her hair or her fingernails. She is your woman, and you both feel it without any words. It is man's two lost halves—the lost halves of Alcibiades—come together again. And in the union of them an infinite strength comes forth that no force on earth can defeat.

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Most of the tragedies of life happen because such women come too late to men—not because they are not recognized when they do come, for they are always recognized, but because other things have beguiled away man's freedom and he has not waited for them. He has been an unfaithful sentry in the watch he should have kept on his life—a careless bridegroom.

Bear with me. I had two lonely hours on the roof to do this thinking, and I used them.

Your Douglas Hambros never give up when they go after a woman, for they can't. Their own lives depend upon the prizes they accumulate. Women are mirrors to their egos, and when one of them distorts the reflection the injury is fatal. Alayne distorted Hambro.

He wanted her much more deeply than he knew. He wanted her because instinctively he knew she could pull him up out of the morass he had sunk into—the morass of idleness and exile. In London he would never have looked at her twice. Out here she was self-preservation—life itself—to him. And that's what I had to fight. He would force us to stay—force her to watch what it was that he intended to build out of Telik. Offer it to her, as a thousand years before he would have offered stolen jewels.

And in doing this he would sacrifice me. Not as a rotten officer sacrifices a man he fears, but simply in the course of the day's work—offering himself equally to the sacrifice with me, hoping it would be I who fell, and knowing, as such men do know, that it *would* be I. For luck never favors a man who has anything to lose. It's enough that luck has given him what he has to lose.

When Gerrity relieved me at 2 A. M., there was a breath of liquor on him you could braid. But his mind was whole and clicking.

"This guy Morison that Anglo Petroleum sent down here by plane don't seem none too interested in what we got, does he?"

I could feel the feeler in his words. Morison had bedded down hours before; but Gilder, the Royal Middle Eastern man, had been in the bar with Doc and Joe until half past one.

I took it easy. "You mean he hasn't gone out to the operation?"

"He hasn't done nothing," Gerrity snarled. "He hasn't taken no samples—nor talked."

"What's Gilder got to say?"

"GILDER," Doc said, "is a business man. I knew him before. He's shrewd, but he's a fast worker and he's got the in with the government in Urfa."

"What's he say is going on in Urfa?"

"He ain't saying." Doc spat over the parapet and in the quiet you could hear the juice light in the street below. "But he's leaving a guess wide open."

"You mean Urfa is going to try to take Telik back into the republic?"

"Just that," Doc said. "And fast, too. Because if she don't come down here and do it, and put an end to what we're doing here, she knows the resident commissioner in Douglasstown will do it. We're disorderly," Doc said, "in the eyes of the world. Also, we're worth a pile of money. England's got a better right to act than Urfa has, because Greystone shot Doc Logan. So, if I was Urfa, I'd act *first* and get the oil and argue about it afterwards. Wouldn't you? Especially if there's a coupla million dollars in it?"

"Is that what Gilder says they're going to do?"

"Gilder don't say nothing."

Somehow I knew I'd done enough questioning. I went down to bed but not to sleep. For I knew, as Hambro knew, that Gerrity was going to sell out to Gilder. And I couldn't sleep because of it.

Phil's temperature was down to an even hundred by breakfast. He was still weak but the arm looked much better when Alayne and I dressed it. The angry pink flush was gone from his shoulder.

He knew everything that had happened—the shooting and the cruiser talk.

"Listen," he whispered. "Anything can happen for a fortune like this thing we've got. The only thing that matters now is to pull all the brands we can. If a cruiser puts in here, they'll get rid of us somehow. Hambro can't see that because they've got nothing on him. He thinks he can hold this government he's made in their faces and make them dance to the tune he whistles, but he can't. We ought to have private leaseholds on all the land around the operation—we ought to have had them long ago. You can't fool around with a big thing like this and expect the rest of the world to sit by and let you."

I WAS desperately sorry for the man. He was a victim of circumstances in the Carmichael business. That had brought him to Telik. It was his brain and work and sweat that had made the oil possible here. It was luck that had cut him down for Doc's doing and laid him up helpless while every one tried to grab the thing he had done. Rotten luck! Whatever you think about Dr. Logan, I couldn't blame Phil Greystone—lying there, helpless and sweating with pain, whipped by the frantic thought of losing an arm.

I told Alayne nothing of what Hambro had said to me the night before when I came down from the roof. That was my affair—to work out myself—and there was no need to add that to the worry she already had. Without saying anything about it, we both knew that if Phil was still gaining on the infection by sundown we would get out with him in the launch that night, no matter who tried to stop us.

His Majesty King Furd III breakfasted in state on the roof late that morning and gave audience.

He was a nice-looking lad with a straight well cut nose and a high full forehead. His skin was dark but his lips were thin and delicate and his hair soft and straight. He had fine hands with long fingers, and there was a certain spiritual dignity to the way he held his head, the way he looked at you. I say spiritual because it came from within. No training had put it there. It was born in him. And suddenly I knew that the kid *was* a king. There must be something in that stuff, after all. In Europe it's sort of worn out; but in places like Telik, where kings are still pretty close to violence and cruelty, the racket still has its old authority.

The point was that he'd been living in the harem or the seraglio, or wherever the women live, as long as his father was alive; but as soon as he became king the women dropped behind him into sort of head servants, even his own mother, and he ran the show.

He ate alone. That was part of the religion, apparently. One of his soldiers served him, and Hambro went hungry at a distance of ten paces because Hambro was an unclean heathen who would contaminate His Majesty's food. But afterward Hambro taught him two coin tricks and a few other amusing items, and the youngster laughed for the first time in three days.

Morison had been gone from the hotel all morning. He was up at the operation alone, making a quiet survey, taking samples, charting synclines.

His plane came in about eleven thirty from Douglasstown with the news that Dr. Logan was still alive. That much his pilot gave out. Any other information he had he gave to Morison alone. And it must have been meaty information, for after talking to him Morison mulled it over for a good half or three quarters of an hour, walking slowly back and forth in the shade in front of the hotel, his hands in his jacket pockets, his little brier pipe going furiously under his big nose.

When he came in he spoke to me, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking at me solemnly.

"I wonder," he said, "if it would be possible for me to have an audience with His Majesty?"

I stared at him, and Gerrity stared at him, and Gilder, on the divan, threw back his head and snorted with laughter.

Morison looked at Gilder without batting an eye.

"Am I amusing you, Mr. Gilder?"

"You slay me," Gilder said, "dead."

Gerrity said, "What did you have in mind, exactly?"

"I think," Morison said, "that this gentleman understood my request perfectly," and he nodded to me. "Can you arrange it?"

Something told me to be serious too—to play to Morison's play and hold the move above Gilder and Gerrity.

"I shall present your request to the premier."

Gilder's laughter cackled after me up the stairs. Gerrity followed me. Hambro was just coming down from the roof.

"His Majesty," he said, after he heard what it was that brought us up, "will be pleased to receive Mr. Morison at once."

And His Majesty did receive Mr. Morison. His Majesty sat on the platform under the rush lattice, with two of his father's soldiers in attendance. His Majesty's premier stood below him, with Gerrity, the commander in chief of his armies, and me, in God knows what capacity, at the head of the stairs.

MORISON did all the talking, with Hambro questioning him for further clarity and translating just enough to the king to allow him the semblance of being included in the conference. I don't think it was any more laughable than the same sort of an audience held, shall we say, in Rome?

Joseph Morison was a blunt little fellow. "Now, to begin with," he said, "I cannot tell you how far the news of this cataclysmic political upheaval has traveled; but I can tell you it is being watched—shall I say with interest?—by the resident deputy commissioner in Douglasstown, who I have every reason to believe is under instructions from Government. What the outcome of this interest will be I can't say, but I will say this."

Morison bit his lips.

"What you have done here so far is politically sound, and you hold the trump card—the king. But you can't expect to shoot British army doctors and get away with it. It's unfortunate for you that this Logan business happened on top of everything else. It's further evidence of disorder down here, as far as the world is concerned. You're an Englishman, Mr. Hambro, no matter what you call yourself at present, and you must know that Government has ample justification to step in, in the case of disorder of this kind. But they'll be very careful to play within the limits of international law, for Telik is rapidly coming on to the front page. Whatever you think of his nobs the commissioner, don't take him for a fool. He has a technicality on which he can take action. He's getting on in years. The publicity Telik has gotten annoys him, and it will continue to annoy him until he can turn it to his own ends. It's disorder now—disorder near his jurisdiction. If he can put the disorder down and at the same time lower the price of petrol a ha'penny a gallon, it means a knighthood for him."

"WHAT would you suggest doing about the Logan affair in that case—apologizing? That seems rather inadequate."

"There'll have to be an investigation, of course. My advice to you is to ask for it before they force it on you. Line up your witnesses and request a representative of the resident commissioner to meet you here and get the facts firsthand. Now, I'll be frank with you. I haven't flown three hundred and some odd miles from Sutra for nothing. You've got a potential source of supply here that will materially affect prices in the open market when developed, and my company is vitally interested."

"I see," Hambro said. "And you don't care whom you do business with, just as long as the price control of petrol remains in the hands of Anglo Petroleum? I mean, Telik may become a free port, as Bengan and Douglasstown are—in which case the oil becomes Empire oil. Or, on the other hand, Urfa may take it at the point of a bayonet, in which case you bargain for the fields in the open market with, let us say, Royal Middle Eastern as an ardent competitor? The third alternative is the present government here before you. You've talked plainly enough. One word more: which situation would you rather cope with?"

Mr. Morison smiled. "You have mentioned Royal Middle Eastern. Knowing my history, I would say that I would rather Urfa did not control Telik; for if that happened I would be eliminated from the bargaining."

"And what are your views on the free-port proposition—the intervention of England?"

"I should say quite frankly that if Telik became free there would be influence brought in the House to apportion the development of the Telik fields among three companies."

"In which case you would only get a one-third interest?"

"Precisely; so you may gather that

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I have a soft spot in my heart for young and growing governments. I like to foster them and see them flourish." He smiled again. "I'm working for Anglo Petroleum—not for Government—and I want this for Anglo Pet. I'll do business with you just as soon as I can. But if England interferes in the meantime, you can bet a beaver hat young Furd will be taken to Douglasstown with a grand show of benevolence and a harking back to the protection shown his late father. He'll be cleaned up and tutored, and land in Balliol via Eton eventually, so the world can see how fair England's rule has been. You can also bet Urfa will be kept out, Telik will go free, and the fields here split among the three companies I mention. I don't, however, have any ideas of what will happen to you people. Therefore I suggest you hold on here as you are—for a while longer—until, perhaps, I can make you a definite offer."

He bowed himself out to the king and ten minutes later he had taken off for his return trip to Sutra.

Gerrity looked at Hambro.

"What did he say?"

"It doesn't make any difference, does it, Gerrity?"

"Yes. It makes a lot. He stalled us. That's all he did."

"And you don't think Gilder is stalling us—is that it?"

Gerrity flushed.

HAMBRO put his eyeglass carefully into his eye.

"Have you sold us out yet, Gerrity? *Have* you?"

Gerrity stepped toward him, his face red with anger. "You damned—"

"You are," Hambro said quietly, "in the presence of your sovereign. You will face him, Gerrity, and bow yourself out of his presence, or I shall throw your miserable double-crossing carcass off this roof."

Hambro turned to the king and bowed. Without a thought, I followed suit. Gerrity watched us both, and then he too ducked his head. Hambro smiled as we went down.

"It's a pity you are afraid of me, Gerrity. If you weren't, you and Joe could make a nice little deal with Gilder, and go to Urfa to spend the loot. Well, I wish you would—I'd like an excuse to eliminate you."

Why Gerrity took it I'll never know. Maybe he *was* afraid of Hambro; maybe he was ashamed of himself—maybe he was too mad to speak.

Gilder was still in the lobby when we came down to him. Outside in the Ronda there was a long line of natives waiting to pass before the king in the ancient rites of gift-bearing. Each one of them had something to place before the boy—something of personal value which he would give over as a token of fealty and allegiance; and with the gift, whatever it was, each one bore a little unleavened cake of salt and maize flour—*ludos*, I think they are called. The Younger Pliny, if memory serves me, mentions that little cake when he complains of slave treason in the southern provinces after Christianity reached the Italian peninsula.

It represents the land—the bounty of the land and the wide breadth of the sea. Each small part of the land and of the sea that each man tills and fishes he gives, in effect, to his hereditary liege lord the king.

Under Sidi's marshaling the line filed up the outside stairs, while Hambro, Gerrity, and I faced Gilder.

Hambro said: "Mr. Gilder, I invited you to stay here yesterday—to see what it was that we were trying to do here in Telik. You stayed. But instead of utilizing your time to advantage, you tried bribery. You made an underhanded offer to two members of this government. You are to leave Telik at once—and you will not be allowed to return."

Gilder laughed.

"Hambro," he said, "you'll be smoked out of here so fast, it won't be funny."

"Two nights ago that same threat was made to us—but it wasn't carried out either."

"Why, you damned fool!" Gilder screamed at him. "You're as crazy as a loon! You can't fight an army—you can't fight Urfa!"

"Gerrity," Hambro said, "get Mr. Gilder's car."

Two great thrills follow in next week's installment. Urfa attacks Hambro's nondescript defenses, as Gilder predicted. And Sargent and Alayne attempt a perilous escape under fire with her stricken brother.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 38

1—A brilliant meteor with a train of light or sparks; especially one that explodes.

2—The coast of Togo, Dahomey, and part of Nigeria on the Gulf of Guinea.

3—Andrew W. Mellon; served under Presidents Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover.

4—Prince Edward Island.

5—Amherst College.

6—On the Parima uplands near the Brazilian frontier of Venezuela.

7—Madison County, Kentucky, on December 24, 1809.

8—In 1852.

9—The French Revolution of 1789.

10—San Francisco.

11—June 25, 1910.

12—Walla Walla, Washington.

13—Near the middle of Bering Strait are the Diomede Islands, a few miles apart, owned by the United States and Russia.

14—At Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, Manitoba.

15—Having a face or head like that of a dog.

16—Keats.

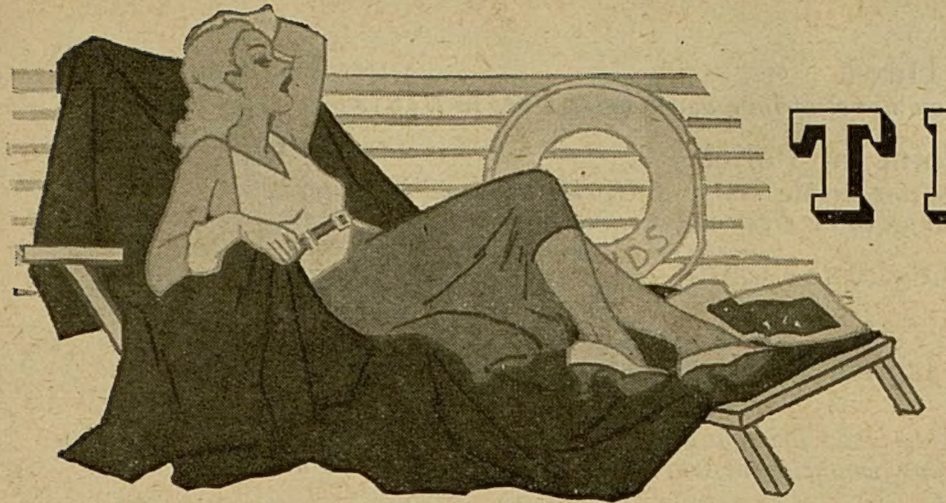
17—An epidemic of disease among many animals of one kind at the same time.

18—Henry Hudson in 1610.

19—Yes: the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off the southern coast of Newfoundland.

20—Love for mankind.

TO THE LADIES!



by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

FUNNY-SHAPED women wear funny-shaped hats—they have a weakness for 'em. . . . Dumb beauties do not age well. . . . Intelligence is the great perfecter of feminine looks. . . . Three among America's handsomest ladies are Amelia Earhart, Millicent Hearst (the publisher's wife), and Mrs. Edward Hutton (Barbara's stepmother).

The opinions you find above are those of Howard Chandler Christy, veteran artist renowned for his paintings of beautiful ladies. Mr. Christy knows how a woman ought to dress, too. He gives us the following tip:

"Nothing," he says, "shows off a pretty woman to finer advantage than does a long evening gown with something draped across her shoulders, then a tight bodice, then the skirt flaring full around her feet."

This man understands our clothes better than most of us do. For more than thirty years he has been creating famous pictures of gorgeous girls. He's noted also for the stirring posters he contributed during the World War. New posters by him appear in almost every national emergency—for relief campaigns, Red Cross drives, etc.

Born in a log house in Ohio, he comes from a family of patriots who fought in all American wars. Artist Christy himself was decorated for bravery in the Spanish War. He still loves a parade.

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

ROMANTIC girls get some extremely zigzag notions from our sophisticated novels of today. In my own neighborhood I've just been told about a damsel of fifteen who thinks she can't pick out her father.

Storybook reading has misled her to the fancy that her mother *must have had a lover* before marriage. This excites the dear child deliciously. All by herself she even has discovered Mama's *other man*—in reality a family friend of innocent devotion. But dark problems now throb in the girl's young brain. "Am I Papa's daughter—or am I *his* daughter?" She jockeys the two men in front of mirrors with her, trying to make up her mind which one of them she looks the most like. Is she ashamed of her imagined illegitimacy? Far from it! To her it is a lovely sentimental state of affairs—just like people in books.

In no way does she realize the implied embarrassments of her ultramodern daydream. She's much too unworldly at heart. And at heart she is much too nice a little girl to hide her thoughts successfully.

So she provides the three grown-ups—Mama, Papa, and the Other Man—with lots of secret merriment. They are people of sense and humor. So far they have managed not to laugh out loud—but they strangle at times.

A WOMAN in Durham, England, is reported as having the world's biggest feet. She wears No. 21 shoes. Primo Carnera only wears 16s. Discussion of this led some friends of mine to wonder how many husbands know what size shoes their wives wear. Of four husbands present only one thought he knew, and he wasn't sure. Not one wife or husband was certain of the other's exact height, weight, chest measurement, waist and hip measurements, dress size, suit size, hat, stocking, glove, and collar size. Some knew a few of these, but none knew all.

WINDOW WALLS are the new fashion for home architecture. One entire wall of a room is made of small glass panes, thick and beveled. Broad waves of light pour through, due to the beveling. The effect is delightfully gay, attractively modernistic.

SEVERAL women at a luncheon party were obviously perturbed to hear a friendly but vigorous argument between another woman and me. I mean a good strong argument of clashing viewpoints.

Because we argued strenuously the perturbed ones seemed to think that we must surely *quarrel*.

Nothing of the sort. Argument is the life, I believe, of stimulating talk, and stimulating talk is certainly the life of intercourse between intelligent people. I don't see why women who know how to argue should be afraid to do so.

I HAVE been reading the very popular Joshua Todd, latest novel by Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty Magazine. Although the author of this book is my boss, I still must say what I honestly think about it, which is that I believe no decent girl under twenty-five should be allowed to read it.

Why? Because Mr. Oursler has revealed almost too much outspoken wisdom concerning the secret sex technique used by *nice* women to trap and tyrannize a good man. Married women should read it, however, to see why many a husband goes wrong.

LAST week I promised to give you Sophie Kerr's recipe for baked oranges to serve with roast duck. Here it is: Use oranges that are rather more tart than sweet. First boil them slowly in plenty of water until they are soft enough to be pierced with a straw. Cut in half crosswise, place on baking dish (cut side up), and sprinkle generously with brown sugar.

Bake 20 to 25 minutes in medium oven. Take out when sugar has melted and edges of rind have turned slightly brown. Serve around duck.

Why bring a headache home?

When Mr. R. awoke this morning . . . he had a dull headache and the symptoms of a nasty cold. He took a Bromo-Seltzer the first thing...another at noon. And here he is back home for dinner . . . headache gone and feeling better, thanks to the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer with their helpful alkalizing effect.

Thanks to Bromo-Seltzer's 5 medicinal ingredients, it promptly relieves dullness or pain. You are gently relaxed, steadied, refreshed. If hard work or worry has lowered your alkaline reserve, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer will build it up.

A standby for over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics: doesn't upset the stomach. Effective while it's fizzing or after the fizzing stops.

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Cover by LES

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

FANNIE HURST TELLS HER REDUCING DIET

Here at last, for all to read, is the secret of how this eminent novelist achieved, against odds, a figure!

HOW FREE ARE THE SEAS?

By

Colonel Edward M. House

A revelation of the part the question has played in some crises of recent history—It must be answered, says one who knows, or we face another war

Other stories and articles by Seymour Winslow, James Edward Grant, Viña Delmar, Clara Beranger, John Hix, and others

The delicious candy coating is the secret of Tempters goodness. At your first delightful bite you are greeted by a burst of full flavor—fresh and delicate, with all the new-made tastiness sealed up tight in the candy coating. Each gay color is a different flavor—peppermint, spearmint, cinnamon, wintergreen, tutti frutti. Try any or all of them today.

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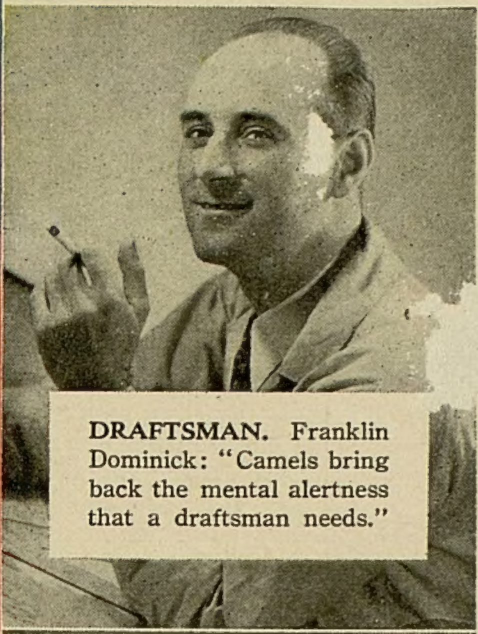
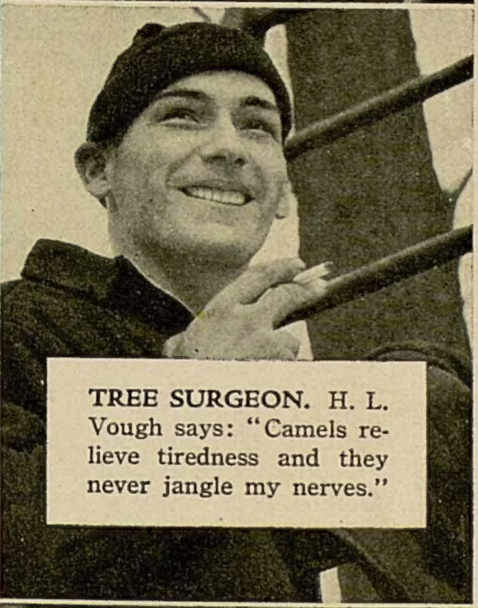
TO RELIEVE FATIGUE — *get a Lift with a Camel!*

● Above: Jack Shea, who scored brilliant victories in the 500 and 1500 meter Olympic events. He says: "Any one who goes in for speed skating needs an abundant supply of stamina and energy. Naturally, I feel pretty well used up after the last hard sprint to the tape. Camels restore my 'pep.' The 'lifting' effect is noticeable in a very few minutes. And they taste so good. For sheer pleasure, there is nothing like a Camel."



DRAFTSMAN. Franklin Dominick: "Camels bring back the mental alertness that a draftsman needs."

STORE MANAGER. G. F. Stafford: "When I am tired, I smoke a Camel and my energy revives."



TREE SURGEON. H. L. Vough says: "Camels relieve tiredness and they never jangle my nerves."

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, young society leader, says: "A Camel never makes my nerves jumpy."

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8:00 P.M. M.S.T.	9:30 P.M. M.S.T.
7:00 P.M. P.S.T.	8:30 P.M. P.S.T.

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